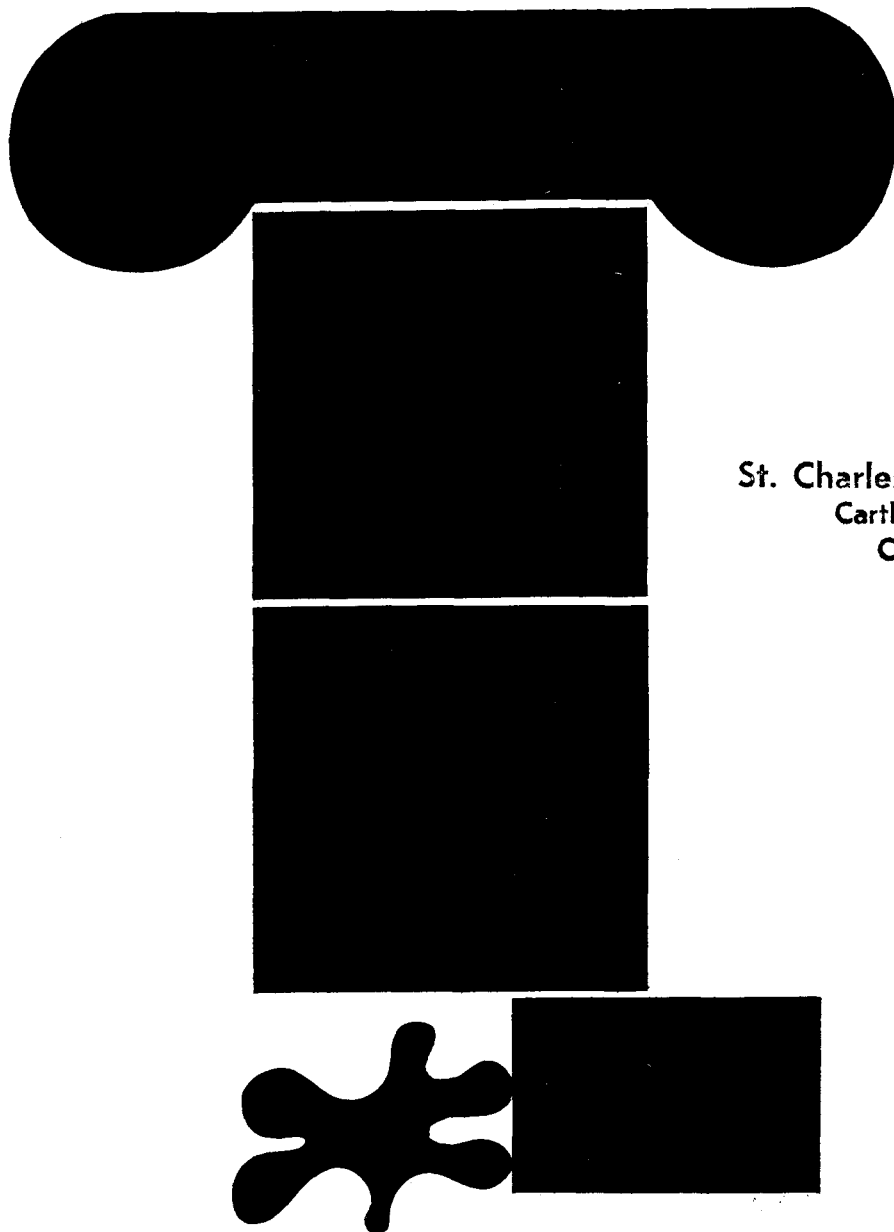


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**CAMPUS EARTHQUAKE
CALIFORNIA'S ACADEMIC
FAULT • MEANWHILE, BACK IN
THE VALLEY • STILL LEGION, STILL
DECENT • BOOKS FOR CHILDREN
CARDINALS AT BAT • IRISH POWER**

NEWS & VIEWS

The Conservative Way

Triumph magazine's tangle of claims to intellectual, cultural and, for that matter, religious respectability went swishing through the soil-pipe with a May issue piece on the *New York Times*' Ted Fiske.

The article by Farley Clinton (he's for real) disparages the whole Fiske gestalt: his marriage ("childless"), industry ("a Protestant trait"), literacy ("does not read Dutch"), mode ("ineffably the Protestant minister") and background ("an ordained Presbyterian"). He also "despise[s] the Catholic Faith."

As for his employer: "The *Times* and those it represents hold hidden hopes for the American blacks, which do not differ significantly from genocide. . . . There is hardly much distinction between fostering abortion campaigns and organizing death camps. . . ."

Fiske took the whole business stoically, even the factual inaccuracies. The only demurrer was to the claim that "at least one morning, each week, is devoted to assiduous reading" of the *National Catholic Reporter*. "I'm not a slow reader," Fiske corrected.

Others of the writing fraternity were less offhand. Ken Woodward of *Newsweek*: "It's a sick thing. . . . If there's honor among thieves, there ought at least be expertise among journalists."

Obviously, there's no expertise about Farley Clinton. He can't write and he doesn't recognize talent. Fiske isn't just the guy who helped *Times* readers forget John Cogley; he's the best daily newsman on the religion beat in the U.S. And fair.

So much for the article; what about its publication in *Triumph*? Woodward put it succinctly: "It's indicative of



Ted Fiske

what that kind of thing degenerates to."

When you run through the lineup of conservative publications—*The Wanderer*, *Human Events* and troglodyte literature like that—you get the point.

Promises, Promises

The most unblushing affair of spring? Easy. The U.S. romance of Micronesia, the western-Pacific island expanse established as a U.S. trust territory after World War II.

In early May, Washington sent Interior Secretary Hickel wooing, with promises of more autonomy, greater economic aid, help in upgrading public services, and a stateside pay schedule.

But the military was there earlier, and Assistant Commandant of the Marine Corps, Lieut. Gen. Lewis W. Walt gave the game away.

Walt raved to the *Christian Science Monitor* that the islands were a wonderland,

ideal for battle maneuvers and training of militia. He said he was hurrying to Washington to report which islands would be best suited for development as permanent military bases.

Of course the Micronesians have nothing to fear about being swallowed up. "We would be guests," Walt declared.

Assuming the islanders' primitiveness, Walt catalogued for them the blessings of the American presence:

"We build roads for practice. We could get our practice building a road for you. It would be your road. Yap needs a reservoir. We could build it. . . . If you need a bridge, we could. . . ."

Let the Micronesians beware of Americans bearing promises. There's got to be a hitch; and there is.

With the squeeze on the military to get out of Okinawa, the Philippines and other Far Pacific lands, the military's got to fall back to somewhere. And what better place than the trust territory—Saipan, Tinian, Palau, Yap, Peliliu; 2,141 islands spread over 3 million square miles. Perfect.

Under the terms of the 1947 trusteeship, the U.S. is supposed to "promote the development of the inhabitants of the trust territory toward self-government and independence." But the trusteeship also reserves to the U.S. the right to fortify the islands.

What latitude that makes

possible; and watch Uncle Sam take advantage.

The *Boston Globe* suggests a look into the Micronesia business by Senator Stuart Symington's Special Subcommittee on Overseas Bases. The sooner, the better—before another part of the world becomes a wasteland of Bud cans, shell cases and trojans.

Shifting Target

The changing face of war: World War I—10 million killed; 95 percent soldiers, 5 percent civilians.

World War II—50 million killed; 52 percent soldiers, 48 percent civilians.

Korea—9 million dead; 16 percent soldiers, 84 percent civilians.

Vietnam—Accurate figures not available, but Phil Berrigan is likely on the mark in his new book *Punishment for Peace* (Macmillan) with the statement that the burnt-earth character of the war means one thing for sure: 90 percent civilian dead.

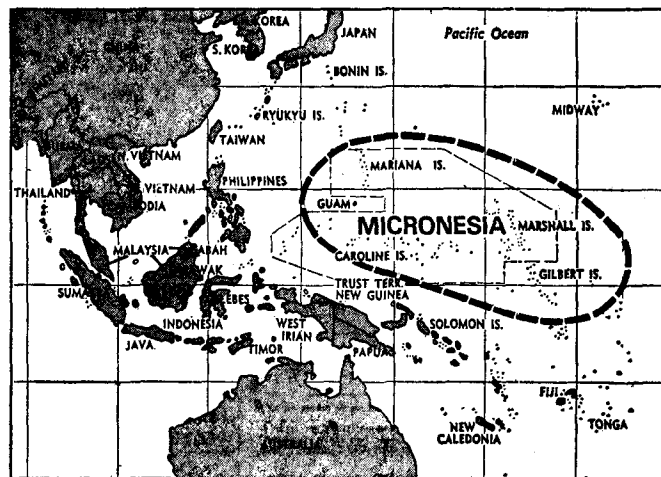
Men in the News

—Yale president Kingman Brewster, Jr., on the university, the ROTC and the national honor: "If we are to have a military establishment, it should not be deprived of the chance to draw upon the students of the best academic institutions."

—Bishop Anibal Maricevich of Concepcion, Paraguay: "The foreign policy of the United States is a policy without justice or charity. . . . Capitalism has no conscience."

—Jimmy Breslin, punster, columnist and running-mate of Norman Mailer, on Robert Wagner, ex-mayor, returned Ambassador to Spain, and Mailer's opposition for the Democratic nomination for mayor of New York: "Robert Wagner is so well attuned to the times that when he first considered running this year he called Cardinal Spellman."

JOHN DEEDY



Staff cartographer, *Christian Science Monitor*

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Up the Ladder

Lexington, Ken.

To the Editors: As one who has served with all four branches of the military service, in noncommissioned and commissioned ranks, and as a former reserve chaplain who performed regular duty with military units for eight years, I entirely support Dr. Zahn's observations in "What Did You Do During the War, Father" [May 2]. I hope he will continue to gather data.

The unquestioning militancy of the Chaplain Corps was one of the reasons for my resignation. This group of men are unable to morally appraise the structure to which they belong, and they endorse military objectives and procedures indiscriminately. But then Roman bishops have the same hang-up with their own structure. As a psychologist, the question intrigues me; I cannot say they have been simply indoctrinated because I do not know if the military service just attracts the authoritarian type of personality.

Dr. Zahn fails to observe that advancement in rank and in the Chaplain Corps is based largely upon periodic "fitness reports" completed by the chaplain's military superiors, who are frequently not chaplains, and perhaps non-Christian and even agnostics-in-practice. THE MILITARY CHAPLAIN ADVANCES IN STATUS AND IN PAY ACCORDING TO HIS ASSIMILATION OF MILITARY KNOWLEDGE, MILITARY EXPERIENCE, AND MILITARY VALUES, AND TO THE EXTENT HE MAKES HIS PERSONAL RELIGIOUS ELAN PROMOTE MILITARY OBJECTIVES, AND, FINALLY, AS HIS RECORD IS SO APPRAISED BY MILITARY MEN. Guess who makes it up the ladder? The close analogy to advancement in the ecclesiastical hierarchy is obvious.

Partly because of his military duties and involvement, chaplains tends also to be uninformed on contemporary moral theology, although they have the opportunity to be more pastoral and practical than parish clergy and have

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NO TIME TO STOP

First there was all the publicity over the new cardinals. Then a funny thing happened to St. Christopher, St. Valentine, *et al.* on their way to the altar. One way or another, not too much attention was paid to the fact that Pope Paul recently published an apostolic constitution consolidating and making official the changes in the missal worked out since Vatican II. Publication of the constitution does not necessarily foreclose additional changes in the liturgy, although a Vatican spokesman replied to a question on this point by describing the new missal as "definitive." But the finality suggested by the constitution's publication may well help to create a climate unfavorable to the idea of further experimentation. This seems a good time, therefore, to urge that efforts at liturgical reform be increased rather than decreased or halted.

This is not to say that every change which has been made in the liturgy in recent years has been great, although most have been improvements. It is certainly not to endorse some of the banalities that pass for hymns Sunday after Sunday in too many dioceses, nor to suggest that the English wording in use is always the most felicitous possible. There are many obvious flaws in the new liturgy. But, to state the obvious, the answer to bad change is good change—not no change at all. Worship is a key part in the life of the Church—not the only part or the first one, certainly, but an important one. It can play a crucial role in vivifying and transmitting the Christian message, if it is made relevant to contemporary culture and current needs. Yet the liturgy has stood in need of a thoroughgoing reform since Martin Luther's time and even earlier.

In the late middle ages the standards of human conduct and moral observance fell low, but the Church failed miserably to assume active leadership in renewal, including reform of the liturgy—to a large extent because of an ecclesiastical cast of mind that somehow imagined critical problems would disappear by themselves or would be dissolved by platitudes. Popes

and even saints came and went, kings were born and died, but the Church continued on its way unreformed.

The liturgy should be the ordinary means by which the Church sanctifies the faithful, yet over the years the laity had become primarily onlookers rather than participants. Worship had become a highly clericalized function, composed of rites largely meaningless to the people. The blindness of ecclesiastical leaders in this situation is almost incredible; it is well illustrated by this excerpt from a 17th century brief by Pope Alexander VII on the question of a French translation of the Roman missal: "We have learned with great sorrow that in the kingdom of France certain sons of perdition, itching with novelties detrimental to souls, and despising the laws and practices of the Church, have lately come to such madness as to dare to translate the Roman missal . . . into French . . . and hand it over to persons of every rank and sex. Thus they have attempted by their rash action to degrade the most sacred rites, to lower the majesty which the Latin language gives to them, and to expose the divine mysteries to the common gaze. . . ."

As for the bible, it was translated not into the vernacular but into Latin, and as such it was for all practical purposes a closed book. The spiritual life of the faithful was badly undernourished, the Church unreformed in matters biblical, spiritual and ecclesial. And the shocking thing is that this basic situation continued right down to our own times, with a strong and officially blessed beginning at reform coming only with Vatican II.

To the question, then, of whether it is time to call a halt on efforts to achieve new liturgical reforms, for us there can really be only one answer. The necessary task has hardly been begun, as can be observed in almost any parish in the country, and a good lesson on the urgency of liturgical progress can be learned from the Council of Trent: that body accomplished many good things, but thanks to the anti-vernacular bloc of Italy and Spain, it failed to approve vernacular editions of the scriptures for popular use. That failure was momentous; it retarded Catholic spiritual development for centuries and seriously contributed to the Protestant-Catholic split. If we do not want a comparable spiritual tragedy in our own time, we will redouble our efforts to create a truly meaningful liturgy.

THE POLITICIAN AS LOSER

The loser as an American political archetype includes such classic electoral failures as Hoover, Dewey, Stevenson, the old Nixon and the new Humphrey. When these gentlemen lost, they did so grandly—not always in terms of votes but rather on the scale of style. Hoover ran despite his depression. Two-timers like Dewey and Stevenson endured the tortures of reincarnation. Nixon

blew 1960 and in the years that followed threatened to retire the Harold Stassen trophy for egregious politics. The happiness of Hubert Humphrey, however, forced reconsideration.

There is another species of loser that cannot be classified with the above company. These are the candidates who have nothing to lose—no job, power or prestige—but who in the exercise of the outrageous liberty synchronized with this free-floating situation ensure their own defeat. So Harvard history professor H. Stuart Hughes succumbed to Ted Kennedy in 1962 for speaking peace while the frost was still on the cold war. Thus Dick Gregory was ignored for talking the most sense in last year's presidential sweepstakes. Observe how Paul O'Dwyer was hurt for refusing to endorse Humphrey until his conscience would allow. And now Norman Mailer, taking up where William Buckley left off, tactically not ideologically, campaigns for New York's mayoralty on a "No More Bullshit" pledge that must strike terror into the hearts of his opponents.

Unbridled honesty is not native to the political process in these parts. Somehow the massage of untruth or evasion has become acceptable discourse for office-seekers and holders. (Will you ever forget the saying: "We will never send American boys . . .") The era of the forked tongue may be enjoying its last fading smile, however. The candor of the losers of the New Left is catching on. And what if it did? What if politicians really co-opted Mailer's slogan risking truth and reelection?

You would then expect to hear such revelations as: "Yes, I did look sort of silly endorsing Humphrey at the convention. Of course, I was only trying to protect myself in South Dakota" (Senator McGovern). "I know I seconded Agnew's nomination, but let's be reasonable. I've got to think of the future" (Mayor Lindsay). "I was dropped off the Nixon campaign trail because I was hurting his Southern strategy" (Senator Brooke). "I made a mistake supporting Humphrey and keeping silent on Mayor Daley. I guess I'm too close to the old politics" (Senator Kennedy).

All Power to the new losers.

THOSE DIRTY HUNS

St. Paul the Hermit, St. Maurus, St. Prisca, St. Martina, St. Domitilla, St. Boniface of Tarsus, St. Venantius St. Pudentiana, St. Modestus and St. Crescentia, St. John and St. Paul, two early Roman martyrs, St. Alexis, St. Symphorosa and her sons, St. Margaret of Antioch, St. Praxedes, St. Christopher, St. Susanna, etc., etc.

We will miss them all. But most of all St. Ursula and her band of 11,000 virgins slaughtered for refusing the advances of the Huns. Where will we ever see their likes again?



THE DAY OF THE BIG CONSISTORY

CARDINALS, 35; AGGIORNAMENTO, 0

The festivities are over and the Church, as the news stories have it, now has an "all-time record" of 136 cardinals, representing 43 nations. Most of them have returned to their dioceses, the newly created ones clad in red instead of purple, though with only a red biretta, no longer with the "galero," the large cardinal's hat which can still be seen in so many dark cathedrals, sadly drooping over the graves of long-forgotten cardinals. This venerable ornament, with its important post-mortem function, had fallen a victim to the latest *aggiornamento*. When Pope Pius XII first put the scissors to the cardinals' trail, wide vistas of permanent Church reform were opened. Since then, each time when demands for up-dating the Church become pressing, off go a few more yards of watered silk or a few more tassels from hats and mantles. This, as the *Osservatore Romano* pointed out on the eve of the consistory, should make it clear to everyone how much the Church understands the signs of the times. "Even the traditional delivery of the biglietti was abolished," it went on: "in three places the cardinals will receive the announcement. The Church divests itself of superfluous external splendors, in order to take on, more internally, austere and evangelical titles and obligations."

That the new austere obligations did not exclude some jollity could be seen on the same day at Fiumicino airport, as one charter plane after another brought in the new cardinals with large groups of supporters, some of the more enterprising ones with their own press gangs and TV crews. All showed the happy signs of having been through long and animated parties. Since they kept closely together through the days of the consistory, nobody needed notice the total indifference of the local population. On Monday morning marketers at Campo dei Fiori curiously eyed the excitement around the nearby papal chancellery, where the North and South American new cardinals were expecting their appointment tickets; the few who tried to find out what in the world was going on, got incoherent answers, mostly of the "Non capisco Italiano" kind, and went off shrugging their shoulders.

In any case, only an experienced eye could detect the simplification of the four days' ceremonies, and the foreign reporters who had flocked into Rome kept raving about "gold-glittering," "beautiful pageantry," just as they have done since the press first discovered the Vatican in the 1870s. Not knowing the difference, some thought they detected a little incongruity between the

setting of St. Peter's Basilica on Thursday morning, and Pope Paul's sermon about the church of the poor, but less ingenuous colleagues remembered the tiara the Pope gave to the poor during the Council, which suddenly, and very funnily, showed up in the hands of Cardinal Spellman in a classy New York hotel.

Reporters were kept busy counting liberals and progressives in the theological commission which the Pope had announced during the consistory. To their great satisfaction they found that Hans Urs von Balthasar, who recently said in the *Osservatore Romano* that many theologians who criticize the Church "obviously do not love God" and therefore should be anathema, may be rubbing shoulders with Karl Rahner, S.J., who presumably is one of these. Further big news of the consistory included the appointment of a non-Italian to the post of Secretary of State—but since the last pope to do so before had been St. Pius X, it does not necessarily follow that this is such a liberal move as the pressmen hastily claimed (though, of course, there are vast differences between Cardinals Villot and Merry del Val, and their times).

These, then, are the results of the consistory. We may now ask: has anything really changed in the Roman Catholic Church?

It was, for various reasons, more than a little pathetic to see the attempts to figure the count of "progressives" and "conservatives" as soon as the list of new cardinals was out. For one thing, the measure of "progressive-conservative" has, since it first became an international society-game, turned out to be a pretty blunt instrument in the case of intellectuals, such as, e.g., Willebrands, who has moved ahead slowly but steadily, despite the prudence imposed on him by his confinement in the Roman curia; Daniélou, whose recent popularity in Rome does not obliterate his earlier scholarly contributions to the *nouvelle théologie*; or even John J. Wright, whose practical performance as a bishop would seem to many to be ahead of his theology.

The possible discrepancy between theology and practice is even more obvious in the case of the papal diplomats, whose intellectual pursuits, if any, are unknown to the world, and whose pastoral zeal which, one presumes, they must have had at the time of their ordination may or may not have resisted the wear and tear of their career: in any case, it is difficult to tell which way they will turn in the face of practical measures to be taken in the government of the Church. One tends

to write them off, but then one remembers that Angelo Roncalli was one of them, and he certainly was a surprise.

If these and like considerations render it almost impossible to make a reasonable assessment, there is a more fundamental reason why the very attempt is useless and futile. The question must be asked whether the strengthening of the College of Cardinals, at this time and at this point of the discussion within the Church, is not in itself a "conservative" move: when at the wish of the Vatican Council the emphasis in Church government should pass from the central organs in Rome to the local bishops' conferences and their pastoral councils, when the Church is preparing (though with considerably less enthusiasm than the first time) for the second bishops' synod, every move which tends to continue the centralization of Church government in Rome (and it must be remembered—and Pope Paul has emphasized it several times during this week—that the real significance of the cardinalate is that the person so honored is "assumed" into the Roman presbytery, regardless of his other allegiances, hence the Roman "titular church") any such move, then, must be regarded as going against

the wish of the Vatican Council and therefore against the true "progress" of the Church.

It is *not* (and long experience has taught us so) a strengthening of international influence on the Curia. The cardinal bishops and archbishops who return to their sees have no more influence on day-to-day policy-making than they had before. Though they are listed as members of various congregations, they cannot, of course, attend the meetings. Every now and then they may be called to Rome to say "placet" when told by the master of ceremonies, as on the present occasion, and, of course, they will elect the next pope, or even the next few popes (in which case there is always the hope of a happy mistake) but this is about as far as their new influence goes.

Those who stay in Rome (and their number has increased astonishingly: somewhere between 40 and 50) are mostly Italians; and those who are not are either made harmless, like Cardinal Seper, whose presence at the Holy Office could not prevent Ivan Illich from being treated as he was, or Cardinal Ottaviani from attending—and dominating—every board meeting, or they are "Romanized." Or else, they are isolated. We have said

Irish Power

On First Avenue

The Irish picketed the UN on the Thursday after the trouble in North Ireland and for awhile you could almost imagine that their time had finally come. They were called together at the last moment on the kind of day Ireland is famous for—raw and raining. Nonetheless fifty people came. Not the St. Patrick's Day Irish but the kind with whitewash complexions and rouged cheeks, jaw bones protruding and bad teeth; the kind of working-people the SDS kids always talk about reaching but secretly hate and obviously fear. They work all week and drink all weekend but they came to picket the UN because the English were once again assuming their historic role and their own kind were in trouble. The reports of the dynamite and the sending of troops was all that was needed to get them aroused. One suspects a mere whisper would have brought them together.

So they went to that windy corner on Manhattan's East Side where men traditionally congregate when the world has mucked around with them and theirs. The cops of the 17th. Precinct, having long since grown accustomed to the protestations of the van-

quished, asked politely that they move across the street to the spot reserved for hopeless causes and the Irish said to go to hell. As one picket said, "We might as well walk around in a closet as picket over there." They had come to demand that the UN intercede before the violence turned from waterworks to people and the UN was damn well going to know that they had been there.

Regulations being regulations, the officers called for reinforcements who turned out to be a sergeant, who in turn called for a captain who decided to call downtown. Not that the cops feared fifty Irishmen—police post-panther-yippie fear little from demonstrators, having already seen it all. But they did feel uneasy at the prospect of arresting such a proper looking group. The fact that both sides shared such similar backgrounds didn't make the confrontation any more clear-cut. Negotiations over the right of way were a study in courteous obstinacy. When the threat of arrest was finally made, a white-haired gentleman named Michael Flannery said simply, "Well, I guess you'll have to arrest us. We'll go peacefully." At this point the bluff was called, the cops caved in and the Irish stayed where they were.

It was a minor point really. One side of the street versus the other is hardly the substantive issue in a struggle for human dignity. Yet it set a tone and for a brief moment these Irish workingmen were one with the blacks—"To hell with you, brother, my bitch is a

that the Secretary for Christian Unity has moved ahead, but let us not forget that the Secretariat has had importance, and an extraordinary importance, *outside the Church*, through its top-level contacts with Orthodox, Anglicans, the World Council of Churches. Inside the Church its influence has been practically nil (I do not say the influence of the ecumenical movement, or spirit, but of the Secretariat, as an ecclesiastical post-conciliar organ), because it has been walled in by the Curia.

But even if international influence on the Curia were strengthened by the Pope's initiative, this would only shift the problem, by no means solve it. For the real problem is precisely this: it is *not* central government, no matter how international, which the Church is aching for: it is freedom on the local level to decide on matters vital to the local church. And not only on secondary trifles, but on such vital questions as speeding up marriage annulment procedures (as proposed by the National Bishops' Conference) or even celibacy. This does not exclude unity among local churches; it is not an "atomization" of the Church. Unity—how often must it be repeated?—is not synonymous with uniformity. Unity, that unity which Christ predicted for his Church, con-

sists in the bond of charity which links all local churches to Christ and to each other, and of which their common bond to the bishop of Rome, who "presides in charity," is the sign and the seal.

It may be difficult to "prove" this vision from the Council documents (though I am not so sure it cannot be done), but there is little doubt that this is what most bishops had in mind. Specifically on the point of the cardinalate, their views were extremely critical, and it is well known that their complaints on the position held by the cardinals at the Council (and on the place they occupied in the conciliar aula: above the patriarchs!) caused Pope John to consecrate all of them bishops and to make this a rule for the future as well. This is one good example of how a real complaint can be met, and at the same time not be met at all, by a formalistic answer. Another example has now been given by the consistory, which by no means met the demands for new structures of the Church, but only attempted to streamline and perhaps to improve the functioning of the existing unsatisfactory structures.

HENRY TEN KORTENAAR

(Henry ten Kortenaar, a native of the Netherlands, is a free-lance writer living in Rome.)

lot bigger than your stinking rules." For some at least, it meant a way you could begin to translate the actions of the blacks to the Irishmen and maybe show the blacks they weren't the only ones whose arse was being constantly kicked. It was a beautiful feeling but like balloons in Central Park, it didn't last long.

Shortly after Mr. Flannery informed the police that the group would rather go to jail than walk across the street, another gentleman, late on the scene, began to talk of permits and rules, and the other side of the Irish mind began to show its face. For if one side of an Irishman is ready to follow the rising moon the other is ready to obey the leader. If the man had worn a Roman collar it would have been Parnell all over again. As it was the Church has come a long way and the gentleman in question represented a construction union. It didn't take much and soon the word filtered down to move across the street. Begrudgingly, the procession made its way to the legal side of the street. There this latterday version of the American Sinn Fein fell into small groups of squabbling men, much as they have always done.

They soon dispersed to continue the vigil at a more appropriate spot, some to the English consulate and some to the John Barleycorn—it was all so typically Irish.

PHILIP TRACY

(Philip Tracy is presently switching sides in the New York City mayoralty campaign.)

Marcuse and Goodwin Tangle at Temple

"If "revolution" is one of the most popular words on U.S. campuses, then Temple University's recent two-day colloquium on "Marxism, Religion and the Liberal Tradition" was certain to attract student attention. "Each is the name of an establishment, and each is the name of a rebellion against the establishment in the name of man, depending on which way you look at it," pointed out symposium chairman Paul Van Buren of Temple's Religion Department, which sponsored the event involving 1500 participants.

The debate quickly polarized between the Marxist proposals of New Left theoretician Herbert Marcuse and the liberal philosophy of Richard Goodwin, close associate of New Frontier strategy and the McCarthy campaign. Each views the other as a dangerous opponent.

The philosopher from the University of California at San Diego sees a most "pernicious" obstacle in those liberals who refuse to admit the depth of the suppression now cleverly concealed in the power system. (Marcuse refuses to share a platform with Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. as a result of a debate at the New York Theatre of Ideas.) They would have man in this society believe he is free when in reality his values and the means to attain the good life are decided for him by the culture con-

trolled by a powerful and hidden capitalistic élite.

Goodwin sees far more to fear in a system he caricatured as leading to a science-fiction nightmare. Rising to the attack with what seemed to be a superficial reading of Marcuse and using all the rhetorical devices of a prosecuting attorney, the Eastern lawyer agreed that the present society is open to much of Marcuse's sharp criticism. However, he added, "I do not believe we know *the* Truth which can lead to a good life."

The liberal sees less to fear in a process which allows dissent than in a system which Goodwin claims will have the leaders ("Who is to choose them and how?") programing each man's needs and desires. "Marcuse assumes that someone, somewhere really does know how to run the world. We can't even run the Post Office."

Marcuse claims this rendering is a gross misrepresentation of his position. We can, he says, know many "Truths" which will make the world more human and we know them very well.

What became obvious during the sharp interaction was that both men share very similar ideals for man in the areas of freedom, justice, and liberty, but differ widely on the means to obtain those goals and to what extent they exist in reality in today's structure. The constant accusation that his philosophy leads inevitably to violence in the streets is, Marcuse says, a clear misreading. "I can envision no situation where persuasion should not be used" (in preference to violence). "You do not speak of advocating violence if you want a defenseless man in the street to defend himself against an armed thief." At most, he said, this can be called "counter-violence."

Other panel members were concerned with the contribution of religion to the humanization of man. Jan Lochman, professor of Theology, Comenius Faculty (Protestant) in Prague, believes a basic religious question to be, "What can I hope for?" To break the political power of the *ancien régime* in his country was hardly possible without extreme revolution. Lochman envisions the Christian contribution to today's world as a witness that "the world is not just made up of principalities and powers. The world of man is in part a world of tanks, but that is not the whole world of man." Collapse can happen overnight, and a major task of religion is to keep alive a precarious hope in the hearts of men.

Richard Shaull, professor of Social Ethics, Princeton Theological Seminary, called for a new look at Western history which will recognize that bloody revolutions have helped bring us where we are. The liberal perspective is unable to understand what the deadend is all about, he said; it thus makes needed radical change impossible, as opposed to the Marxist who sees value in negation. Shaull believes that only in "communities of concern" where middle-class values can be negated and new models for the future constructed will new religious insights

be effected: "The old must be torn down that the new may be built up" (Jeremiah).

Student reaction was most interesting. Many clearly experience a deep alienation which the liberal evidently does not share. To compound the frustration, they see themselves forced to speak in language-models formulated by a culture which has never undergone their experience. As they see it, men like Marcuse and they themselves are predestined to lose any debate with the establishment because they are playing in a ball game where the rules were written by and in favor of the opposing team.

"There is something frustrating in talking rationally about revolution," said one junior. "You are using words and are not sure whose system of language you are using. Are you searching for a new language or using the established one?"

Presently lacking the conceptual framework they need to express their experience, they believe Marcuse provides the best language available. They find him too caught in the "seductive trap" of rationalistic language and Marxian dogma to be fully accurate to their world of experience, but he is saying something they "groove with." In this respect the seventy-year-old man is much closer to their experience than the liberal bureaucrat in his mid-forties.

As in the preliminary stage of any new culture, myth and symbol seem best to articulate their experience. When Jerry Rubin prefaced a recent appearance on campus by draping a Viet Cong flag around his shoulders before speaking, he said what no amount of words could express.

What the Marxist, religionist and liberal will have to realize from now on is that they are all lumped together by a new generation which does not share their common canopy of rationalistic experience. Stormy nights make strange bedfellows.

JOHN GROUTT

(John Groutt, a previous contributor, is a member of the theology faculty at Villanova.)

NEXT WEEK

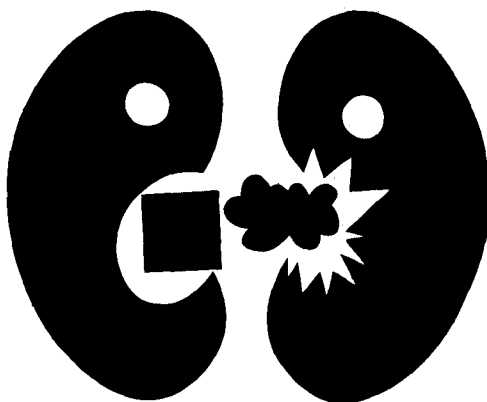
DORIS GRUMBACH describes the cathedral in her diocese and a not unfamiliar situation:

"It looms over a departed population, rendering only limited service to the lives of its few remaining families. It is a costly symbol of past worship and congregations, patterns of urban life that no longer exist, an Edsel for which it is now impossible to get spare parts. It marks only the cruel passage of time."

CALIFORNIA'S ACADEMIC FAULT

The earthquake on West Coast campuses

KATHY MULHERIN



A lot of people who used to pride themselves on being well-informed have stopped reading. Liberals who like to think of their lives as a continual struggle to chop and clear a space for the free exercise of civil liberties, the rational and humane pursuit of truth by detached study and reasonable discourse, now find themselves under attack from their own children and from those whose cause they first championed—worse yet, from those blacks they adopted as their own protégés, college students. Feeling betrayed, they watch the things they fought for ignored and the gains they made lost as the repression they have been predicting with every escalation of protest since 1956 grows and gathers momentum. The jungle moves in on their precious space. They begin to withdraw in despair. Good reason to despair: the discovery that one's life is a metaphor fiercely repudiated by one's older sons and unintelligible to the younger ones.

And in the universities, students have awakened like a giant beast and are ravaging the land.

Last Nov. 6, the Black Students' Union and the Third World Liberation Front at San Francisco State called a strike to win 15 "non-negotiable" demands. Somehow this small group at a seedy second-rate street-car college helped trigger an extraordinary sequence of events. A list:

—Through sustained disruption, property damage and violent clashes between hundreds of police and thousands of students, the campus was effectively shut down for most of the next four months, making it the longest strike in the history of the American university.

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—In this period, over 60 TWLFs have sprung up all across the country.

—Student and faculty revolts broke out on 13 campuses of California public junior and state college and university system, in which new alliances formed between third world and white students, teachers, and here and there, labor unions.

—The *mobile* tactics of disruption initiated at San Francisco State (as opposed to occupying buildings) and widely imitated all over America, escalated campus confrontation: hundreds of police and for the first time the National Guard were mobilized; students fought back in earnest, throwing rocks, isolating and beating up police, throwing tear gas cannisters back at police and committing sabotage (at San Francisco State, Timothy Peeble, a 19-year-old sophomore was found blinded, his hand partially blown off, near the scene of an early morning explosion); hundreds of faculty and students have been arrested, beaten and charged with felonies.

—Campus disturbances spread beyond California across America: in one week in February there were 34 and 22 in the next week (and at least half that many in high schools).

—Politicians, state and city officials and labor union leaders at every level have been drawn into this tornado which has swirled at the center of California political life for the last five months.

—Beyond the campus a veritable tidal wave of reaction has built up: state legislators have introduced over 30 bills to punish student disrupters; irate white middle class citizens are demanding heavy reprisals against the "trouble makers"; with equal ferocity black, brown and yellow ghetto residents and their "moderate community

leaders" have come to the support of BSU-TWLF groups.

The prolonged fury of these disturbances must seem mysterious and demonic to citizens who have to rely on mass media for information. There has been very little effort to expose in detail the underlying pressure and strains. It will no longer do to dismiss them with sympathetic generalizations about "socially concerned" students and the hard life of "culturally deprived" students.

THERE are two clichés abroad which bear examination:

"Education is a privilege not a right."

"The public colleges belong to the taxpayers."

Put them as a question: to whom do the colleges belong, and whom do they serve?

If you begin following the threads of campus disturbances around California, eventually you get back to a highly praised document called the Master Plan of 1960 which divides higher public education in California into three tiers with separate but complementary functions. Theoretically, the university system would specialize in research and graduate programs, the state colleges in undergraduate teaching, and the junior colleges would give "late bloomers" a second chance and blend technical and vocational training with an introduction to liberal arts. In fact, however, the system stratified students, reinforcing social and economic differences.

Some facts:

1) The state of California spends over twice as much money per average university student as for the average state college student who in turn receives three times as much as the junior college student.

2) Half of the University's students (the top 12.5 of native high school graduates) come from families with incomes over \$12,000; two-thirds have family incomes over \$10,000; half of the state college student bodies (the top third of high school graduates) and two-thirds of the junior college students come from family income brackets under \$10,000.

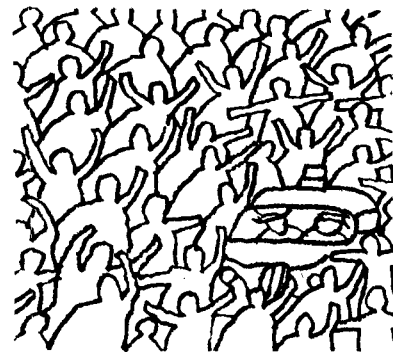
3) Since poor minority students receive the worst high school education in the state they are the least socialized (or "prepared") for college, so their drop-out rate in the junior colleges is often as high as 90 percent in the first year. Last September, a study of the junior colleges commissioned by the State Board of Education pointed out that there is little effort to provide financial assistance, "educational experience which would help disadvantaged students to overcome the effects of discrimination and deprivation," or to recruit minority students, counselors, administrators and instructors. They concluded with a blunt warning: unless the colleges "begin immediately to take action" they "will be subjected to an increasing amount of pressure from militant minority groups." So much for prophesy. The Board of Governors of California's 88 junior colleges ordered an "immediate study."

It is no surprise then that the university system pre-

pares students for professional or industrial management careers; the state college system turns out government functionaries, teachers, technicians and the like; the junior colleges serve a chaotic variety of needs, none very well, and relatively few students go on for bachelor's degrees. The Master Plan was hailed the world over for its ambitious effort to transform education from a privilege for the few to a right for all by providing free or almost free education of high quality. It was a grandiose idea and immensely profitable for the state since it made available research facilities and highly trained manpower which attracted large portions of the defense and electronics industry. So the legend went.

So much for legends. In recent years, *before* Ronald Reagan became governor, the State has been quietly cutting back. In 1965 for example, California spent \$10.79 per thousand dollars of personal income on institutions of higher learning, compared to \$17.89 spent by the other 25 western states.

The direct responsibility for this lies with the executor of the Master Plan, the California Council for Higher Education (CCHE) (its members appointed by the Gov-



ernor) which alone can make recommendations to the legislature. In a recent report, the CCHE called for a freeze on new construction for the state colleges claiming that facilities are adequate and the student population is expected to level off between 1977 and 1987. In any case, the Council argues, "there is an implicit policy that the bulk of the population should be served by junior colleges." So it recommended 11 new junior colleges.

The freeze on construction excludes some important considerations. By 1977 the student population will have doubled and the state college system will bear an overload of 20,000 students. An expected drop in high school graduates and in the 18-to-24 age bracket will be considerably compensated for by a rise in student age (at San Francisco State the average age is 25) and rising aspirations of black and third world people, who constitute 25 percent of California's population. Besides, the accounting system used by the CCHE is evidently misleading since, for example, it calculates that San Francisco State is operating at 74 percent capacity when in fact the college is badly overcrowded and is facing a \$750,000 debt which may require a cutback of 60 faculty positions;

the college was forced to turn away 10,000 students in the fall and 8,000 this spring. The CCHE report argued cheerfully that large student populations are more economical and offer added "richness."

But it is not from stupidity or cruelty that the Master Plan and the CCHE have failed to meet California's educational needs. The source of the strain lies deeper, imbedded in the state's tax structure.

Professor James O'Connor, an economist at San Jose State College, has drawn up the chart below which shows the composite distribution of taxes before and after a 1967 general increase. It includes property, income, sales, cigarette and liquor taxes.

Family Income Level	Average Tax		
	Before	After	Increase
\$ 2,000	10.99%	13.44%	2.45%
4,000	9.39	11.50	2.30
6,000	6.35	7.84	1.49
8,000	6.15	7.72	1.57
10,000	5.53	7.20	1.67
12,000	5.70	7.51	1.81
14,000	5.72	7.67	1.95
16,000	5.88	7.81	1.93
18,000	5.84	8.08	2.24
20,000	5.87	8.33	2.46

Only 10 percent of the state's tax revenue comes from bank and corporation taxes, whereas over half is drawn from income brackets under \$10,000. "This seems incredible until one discovers that the state's largest agricultural companies paid a total of \$50,000 in state taxes last year!" San Francisco State professor Anatole Anton told me. He went on: "State and junior college funds come largely from local taxes, especially property taxes. But you have to consider that those taxes are passed on by landlords in the form of higher rents."

Taxpayers may not be entirely aware of this imbalance but they deeply resent rising taxes. For the first time in recent California history, education bonds are failing to pass and Governor Reagan is under heavy pressure to slash the budget.

Essentially what has happened these last months is that a rather tight structure received intense pressure from the bottom and there was little room for accommodation.

The behavior of the Governor, the University of California Regents, the State College Board of Trustees and the Junior College Board of Governors has exacerbated the conflict. The Governor is conducting something like a symbolic war against the University and public colleges—a campaign for which he has received enormous support from the white middle class. As for the trustees, John Deedy reported in a *Commonweal* "News and Views" [1/31/69] on a recent nationwide poll showing what an authoritarian lot they are. California trustees too, are

badly out of touch and have long antagonized professors and students with their blunt disregard for intellectual independence. Examples:

1) The University of California Regents are contemplating withdrawing hiring and firing power from the individual campuses.

2) The State College Board of Trustees moved last summer to bring all student governments and student funds under the central authority of the system's chancellor; after San Francisco State students had raised the money for a proposed student union and had hired Moshe Safdie (who received a prize at Montreal's Expo '68 for Habitat), and after a trustee-appointed committee approved the design, the trustees rejected it; they did much to polarize the situation at San Francisco State when they abruptly fired President Robert Smith and hired S. I. Hayakawa without consulting faculty or students.

Faculty support of student strikes and demonstrations, weak as it was, played a critical role in prolonging and intensifying them. Teachers in public higher education, especially in the state colleges, are overworked and underpaid and—what is perhaps most important where professors are concerned—their dignity is continually affronted and their independence whittled away by hostile trustees, harried administrators and the rigid state college bureaucracy. Of the 13 campuses where demonstrations occurred between November and March, half were mobilized primarily by angry teachers. In addition to American Federation of Teachers strikes at San Francisco State and Berkeley, there was a sympathy strike at San Jose State and strike resolutions at several others. The San Francisco AFT finally won union recognition and a reduced work load. Most important, the strike generated energetic and militant union activity which will guarantee the trustees plenty of trouble in the future.

There is little to say about most of the administrations involved in all these disturbances—they have few resources and less power so they cannot do much to deal with the basic issues. The exception, of course is Hayakawa, who has become a folk hero, perhaps because, like Reagan, he prefers symbolic warfare. He played a flamboyant part in polarizing the campus and the community: "I am seen [by the public] as a man set out to protect this sacred institution."

All this made even those opposed to student strikers ambivalent about allying with trustees or administrators: at San Francisco State, for example, the Committee for an Academic Environment which claimed to represent the "silent majority," bitterly accused the trustees of helping to create the crisis by refusing to grant the legitimate demands of minority students. As one professor wrote in a letter to the *San Francisco Chronicle*: "What keeps the majority silent is this very disenchantment [with the Reagan administration's failure to support the state college system] together with the sharp awareness that some

of the militants' demands should long since have been college policy."

THE question is: to whom do the colleges belong and whom do they serve? They are paid for in substantial measure by middle and lower class taxpayers. They are run by politicians, bureaucrats and businessmen. Education, in their eyes, is for those who accept their authority and the priorities they determine. There are economic and social rewards for those who play according to the rules; the rewards, it is thought, are substantial. It is thus a privilege to be permitted to play. After all, not everyone can play.

That students are not permitted to share in this authority or participate in setting priorities is not, chronologically, what first disturbed them. First, they began to doubt the *validity* of those priorities, to question the *judgment* of those in authority and then to lose faith in the *legitimacy* of that authority. As Jerry Varnardo of San Francisco State's Black Student Union put it: "We don't want equality—we want self-determination! It's bullshit to tell us that's not fair to the other (academic) departments—they don't have enough autonomy to do what they need to do, so why should we want to be equal with that? They should get together and demand self-determination too!" Those who run the educational system in California refuse to alter their value structure and set new priorities, so some students and faculty are seeking to carve out nooks and crannies where they can begin creating a new *kind* of education.

For them, education is a right. For them, the colleges belong to the community and should serve its needs. Which community? They answer, exposing their new loyalties: poor people—white, black, brown, yellow, red—in urban ghettos, and white working class people. Finally, and perhaps most important, for them, education is experience. Jack Alexis, BSU activist at San Francisco State: "Education is a refinement of the experience of the community." This is critical, for the experience and the community of which Mr. Alexis speaks is radically different from and increasingly *opposed* to the experience and community of which Ronald Reagan and the boards of trustees speak.

In the last analysis, it has been minority students who have "caused" the turmoil of the last several months, because it was they who began exerting implacable and intense pressure on the structure I've described. Who are they and where do they come from?

Black and third world students at the state colleges tend to come from working class families. According to one sociologist, San Francisco's job-racism is somewhat less harsh than elsewhere and has thus permitted the growth of a "relatively stable steady-working, unionized industrial and lower white collar workers. . . . Given the greater insecurity of the black working class relative to the white, a college education becomes, if anything,

even more highly necessary as insurance." Still, San Francisco State's black students have dropped from 11 percent three years ago to 4 percent of the current student body. Forty percent of San Francisco's population and 54 percent of the city's high school population is black and third-world, yet they make up only 10 percent of San Francisco State.

It must be understood that there is a terrible urgency here: it is no luxury to attend college. The development of San Francisco's economy is such that commercial skills are increasingly required for jobs. Benny Stewart, BSU member San Francisco State: "The Governor says that higher education is a privilege not a right. We say that all human beings have a right to live, therefore they must have a right to work, and it has become a reality that if one is going to work one must have an education."

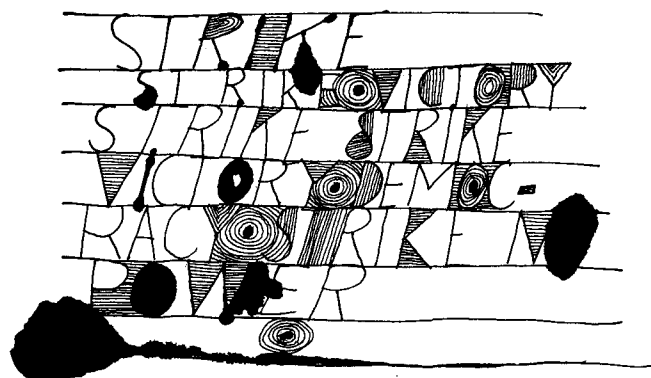
Another aspect of the same crisis burns in urban high schools. As everyone can see, they are becoming little more than holding cells for young men and women who grow angrier and more unruly every year. The BSU-TWLF groups have lost no opportunity to point out that they need sufficient funds and autonomy to develop teacher training programs for these schools. More and more, these teachers will have to come from minority groups. Recent census data indicate that the suburban flight of white people, coupled with rapid minority population growth in the cities, is turning our cities into black and third-world ghettos.

Last year, under pressure from militants, San Francisco State admitted 300 non-white freshmen under a new Educational Opportunity Program which provided for special tutoring and financial assistance, but last fall the administration announced it would cancel the program next year for lack of funds.

The Educational Opportunity Programs are partially funded by the state and their introduction into the state colleges has already produced some dramatic effects. But the EOP does not go far enough. The College of San Mateo (CSM), a junior college near a growing suburban ghetto south of San Francisco, has developed the College Readiness Program (CRP) which is a good example of what such a program can do; it also illustrates its difficulties.

Only five percent of CSM's student body goes on to four-year colleges and until CRP there was a 90 percent drop-out rate among blacks and third-world students. The gloomy study of California's junior colleges I mentioned earlier had the highest praise for this program at CSM, pointing to its dramatic success in three years of operation: it has reduced the drop-out rate to 20 percent and most of its participants go on to four-year colleges. Essentially the program tries to do everything necessary to help a student succeed in school: it supports him financially, provides car pools, baby-sitting, tutoring and counselling. Robert Hoover, the quiet articulate director of the program described it: "It isn't like anything I've ever

known in an institution of learning. We run the program like it is a family . . . what it really is is leadership training. We try to help people to see themselves as good, for the first time. We say that first you have to get your head in the right place. We try to change the students' whole value system towards themselves and their communities, so they can help themselves and bring the help back to their people." Last summer participants ran a tutorial program for high school students who in turn helped ele-



mentary school children; nearly a thousand students were involved.

CSM itself only provided five per cent of the program's support but administrators and trustees began to exhibit uneasiness about it. What made them uneasy were the political implications of CRP.

In truth, they had good reason. Among black power groups there has been considerable debate over what Professor Nathan Hare at San Francisco State distinguishes as "cultural nationalism versus cultural revolution." Briefly, the former emphasizes the African roots of blacks and their American cultural heritage. The latter attempts to "create new black structures and institutions." Dr. Hare explained what this means in a recent issue of the BSU newspaper: "Cultural nationalism seeks mainly to solidify the existing culture of a group; cultural revolution strives to overthrow the oppressor's culture as a prelude to political revolution."

It was this attitude which disturbed administration and trustees at CSM, San Francisco State and at most other places where it appeared in black demands.

Black and Ethnic Studies programs were conceived to meet three kinds of needs: to introduce third-world students to their own culture, thereby giving them a sense of themselves—pride and dignity are words meaning a sense of self; to provide them with the skills they need to find jobs and to service the needs of the ghetto; the third aim is more ambitious, more elusive. It is to build new values, new ways of living, new political organizations. To do this, power is required. Leroy Goodwin, off-campus coordinator for the San Francisco State BSU: "Each day our demands are not met, our tactics will escalate. We have no illusions about using force. If armed strength is what we need to seize power to determine our own educational destiny, then that will be done. . . . They do not

realize we are serious. It's a matter of our survival."

Before the strike and subsequent disturbances, moderate black community leaders had spoken out strongly against the sort of militance represented by the BSU-TWLF and the Black Panthers (who have powerfully influenced black students), but this crisis and its implications changed their minds. After Dec. 2d, the worst day of fighting between police and students at San Francisco State, they began to appear on campus, declaring their support of the strikers. Carlton Goodlett, publisher of a Negro newspaper, *The Sun Reporter*, long active in Democratic politics, is a tall, dignified man with greying hair and a deep voice: "We must support our finest young revolutionaries. We've waited a long time for you to come this way. There comes a time in a man's life when words are not necessary, when all he needs to do is put himself in the vanguard of men who fight for freedom. . . . We will keep in mind the citizen's right to bear arms. . . ."

SUCH are the pressures which have produced this terrible conflict. And from such situations violence springs naturally. Not the hysterical violence of Chicago—enraged police and demonstrators running wild. Since November there have been many days of disruption, violent confrontation between police and students, beatings, window-breaking and firebombing: much of it was strategic—on both sides. Police have been ordered again and again to disperse crowds by freely clubbing and tear gassing them. The students, too, have begun to look upon limited violence tactically, as necessary experience. Roger Alvarado, Latin American representative of San Francisco State's TWLF: ". . . we concluded that if we wanted to win the 15 demands we would have to be involved in a long struggle—continually harassing and disrupting the school until they were forced to shut it down. . . . One of the brothers calls it the 'war of the flea.' The system is the dog and we are the fleas. We take a little bite here and a little blood there, and keep on the move so that the dog can never get rid of us. Now the number of fleas is increasing, and if the magnitude becomes great enough we can make the dog get up and move."

Those in authority are panicky, aware that their authority is eroding at every level. Polarization is a long word which means that men no longer agree on the most basic goals, the most fundamental forms of behavior. They see separate realities: they live in different worlds. They cannot communicate.

A small war occurred on California campuses over the last several months. Who won? It has only just begun, but it is difficult to know who, if anyone, is winning. The ordinary course of education virtually ceased on many campuses for a month, two months, four months. Thousands of students and professors have been "radicalized," that is, they have even less sympathy for college administrations, trustees, the Governor, and even less respect for

authority in general; they have learned much about the nature of the institutions they attend and many have begun to move, in a complex variety of ways, away from those paths they were raised to follow. Away towards God knows what—drugs, dropping out, switching majors from, say, engineering to sociology or education, or perhaps simply towards a more radical view of their own fields, their own lives, their futures. Third-world students have become significant political threats to administrations, and have begun to win a few of their demands; perhaps more important, they have begun to organize all over the state and the nation—on and off campus.

But the price has been and will be very very heavy. The crisis at CSM, which erupted into four days of violence, produced a harsh reaction from the administration: police guarded the campus and demanded identification of everyone entering the campus, while helicopters buzzed overhead to make certain no one could sneak in. The College Readiness Program is a remnant, and some of its best students are in jail, awaiting sentencing. Said Mr. Hoover: "I am very pessimistic about the program. I don't know if it will survive . . . the same things are happening over again, the same pressures we've had since September. . . . It's things like this that are driving me up the walls. . . ."

San Francisco State, the strike officially settled, is scarred for good perhaps. There are four policemen in every building. The atmosphere is morose and fearful. There is a large U-shaped wooden fence in the middle of the campus commons placed there, according to the administration, to protect some construction work—the stu-

dents, with morbid humor, call it "the corral."

At Berkeley, many uniformed and plainclothes police still wander the campus. Many students are being suspended, many have been jailed; if convicted of the felonies charges police lodged against them, they will be there a long time.

As I mentioned at the outset, the Governor, the trustees, many college administrations, and their middle-class supporters are prepared to repress disruption with a heavy hand. And if that does not work, it may be possible to keep "protest-prone" students out of colleges altogether. The American Council on Higher Education has accepted a grant to make a survey to determine "protest-prone characteristics" in students. Hence, declared the Council's Director of Research, Alexander Astin, "admissions officers could virtually assure that there would or would not be demonstrations on their campuses by systematically admitting or rejecting [such] students."

So it is hard to say who is winning. And since the sources of the conflict are so very deep and require the most radical solutions—alteration of the tax structure, a re-orientation of the universities and colleges so that they no longer serve exclusively the government, industry and the middle class, an end to the political powerlessness of minority groups, the lower middle class, the poor and the young, and above all, the development of new political, cultural and educational institutions—since all that is required to end this conflict, it seems likely that it will only persist and widen. The times are such that perhaps all any one of us can do is to choose sides: or rather, it may be that we will wake up one morning and discover that we have already been forced into choosing a side.

Black revolt, six months later

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE VALLEY



SHELDON HARRIS

Student rebellions against archaic features of the university apparently have become a permanent part of the American scene in the 1960's. In California, where everything is done on a larger scale than elsewhere, almost every campus throbs with unrest. Governor Reagan suspects a gigantic conspiracy headquartered either in Hanoi or in Oakland is directing forces to overthrow the United States, the state of California, and himself, and has called for a strong crack-down on student activists. By placing more than 60 Draconian

bills in the hopper, the legislature is so far ahead of the governor in its anxiety to suppress dissent that it may yet make Reagan look as if he is a believer in the Bill of Rights and the Fourteenth Amendment.

Los Angeles' San Fernando Valley State College had its student rebellion in November, 1968 [*Commonweal* 1/31/69]. Black students and their white SDS supporters conducted a sit-in demonstration at the state college as a protest against the few white racists on the faculty and, more importantly, against the vast majority of the staff and the student body who were totally indifferent to minority students' needs. For their pains, on the eve of the Christmas vacation,

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28 black students were indicted by the Los Angeles County Grand Jury on 75 counts of kidnapping, conspiracy to commit kidnap, false imprisonment, burglary and robbery. If convicted on all counts, students could be sentenced to prison terms up to 1500 years.

The college's administration lacked forceful leadership since it was guided by a fill-in acting president while a search for a permanent one dragged on for more than 12 months. With the new year, the acting president became ill and was hospitalized. Students returned to campus to be greeted by the Vice President for Academic Affairs who became *temporary* acting president. The idiocy of the old Abbott and Costello vaudeville routine became a reality once this new leader announced that he was resigning his old post as Vice President for Academic Affairs on February 1st: no one knew who was on first base, let alone who was running the ball game. (In March, the Vice Chancellor of the University of Wisconsin—a school that recently has felt the wrath of student unrest—was appointed permanent college president, effective June 15.)

On Jan. 7 black adult community leaders came to the college to meet with the acting president in an attempt to mediate the controversy. They were informed by the temporary acting president that their mission was "presumptuous" since they did not have an appointment. However, as a gesture of goodwill he would meet with some leaders the next day. The following afternoon black, brown and white radical students conducted a campus rally and then, led by community leaders, marched to the administration building.

All doors to the facility were locked. From the inside the press, TV cameras and a police tactical squad stared at the 400 or so students as they gathered in front of the building. The atmosphere was extremely tense. At its peak, the crowd milling about the building grew to about a thousand. Students shouted for the temporary acting president to meet with them. Word was relayed that the administration would permit a delegation of leaders to enter the administration building which had by then become an armed fortress. Some students were admitted into the sanctuary, but as the crowd surged forward the doors were hastily slammed shut. From the outside it appeared as if those who had just entered were being arrested by the police. Then, at this dangerous moment, someone in the crowd hurled an ashtray through one of the building's plate glass windows. Students panicked and ran back in terror. Police surged from the building in hot pursuit.

A full-scale police riot ensued with police indiscriminately clubbing fleeing students. However, the most vicious blows appeared to be aimed at blacks. Two black students were so severely beaten that they required hospitalization. For a time, one was in danger

of losing an eye. Fourteen students and adults were arrested for miscellaneous misdemeanors. Although the crowd was predominantly white, the fourteen arrested were black.

In the evening a large gathering of citizens met in Pacoima, the San Fernando Valley's black ghetto, to discuss the events of the day. Some revolutionary rhetoric filled the air, but the thrust and tone of the caucus was devoted to a discussion of how best to conduct a legal peaceful protest meeting at the college the next day. Concerned faculty attending the gathering concluded that no matter how peaceful the student group intended to be, given the history of the previous events, a large concentration of police on campus unquestionably would lead to violence. Consequently, they drafted a letter to the acting president requesting that police be removed from the campus, and hand-delivered it to him that night. Some hours later the police conveyed to the acting president a police intelligence report purporting to be an account of the Pacoima meeting.

Excerpts from this document were later released to the public and contained such statements as: (1) The meeting lasted two hours at which time all but approximately 100 left. The remaining were hard-core militants. . . . The militants were requested to bring helmets and weapons. The type of weapons was not specified. They also requested women and children to be placed in front of their protest demonstration. (2) On several occasions militants declared, "if necessary, we'll burn and bomb the buildings on campus." No specific building was mentioned. (3) "Police will be hurt," etc. The excerpts were either distortions of the events or complete fabrications—obviously the work of an incompetent or a provocateur.

Confronted with this latest information, the acting president in the early dawn hours decided to borrow a leaf from San Francisco's leading semanticist and proclaimed a state of emergency on campus. Public meetings were banned. In the meantime, students who had been promised the previous day that the acting president would address their protest meeting gathered in the Open Forum, a campus area set aside by the administration for public discussions. They were warned by police bullhorns that they must disperse otherwise they would be subject to arrest for trespass and violation of a lawfully given order.

Students (mostly white) persisted in holding their part of the meeting. Over 100 police then cheerfully arrested 286 young people and faculty for trespass and other misdemeanors. No one resisted arrest. The acting president commented publicly that students' conduct at the time of arrest was "exemplary," while the police public relations officer called it "the most peaceful [mass] arrest in the history of the nation."

The large-scale arrests of Thursday, Jan. 9, appear

to be a turning point in the campus struggle. Administrators suddenly realized they were faced with a crisis, now that large numbers of white students were being arrested. Since the first law of administration is survival, the administration braced itself for the concessions it would have to make. Student sentiment swung from an initial hostility to black students and their demands to one of overwhelming sympathy. Even the faculty, a remarkably conservative group on racial and student power questions, shifted slightly in the direction of the protestors.

Meaningful discussions got under way once students were bailed out of jail. Because of mutual distrust, negotiations between the blacks, browns and the administration threatened to collapse on a number of occasions. However, conversations continued, and thanks to the efforts of the Los Angeles County's Human Relations Commission and to the moderation of student leaders, an acceptable agreement was hammered out on January 23rd. The college consented to accept for the next September 350 black and 350 Chicano (Mexican-American) substandard but college-

potential students. It will create separate black and Chicano studies departments and special efforts to recruit minority faculty will be undertaken.

The agreement has been hailed as a model for other colleges to emulate. The *Los Angeles Times* called it "unique in American colleges and universities." In truth, there is reason for cautious optimism, but only time will tell.

In the meanwhile, little has been done to mitigate the criminal charges rising from the November and January events. The Los Angeles District Attorney's Office is evidently determined to press on against the black students indicted on kidnapping charges from the November incident. Trials for the 286 arrested in January got underway in March. As of this writing, 80 students have been acquitted of charges of failure to heed a lawful order (the only charge on which they were prosecuted), while some 30 guilty verdicts have been rendered. The remaining trials will drag on possibly through the summer.

An uneasy peace has returned to San Fernando Valley State College. But for how long?

Objectionable in part for all

STILL LEGION, STILL DECENT?



RICHARD CORLISS

I

The pendulum, it seems, used to swing one way at a time. "The pendulum of U. S. morality," "the pendulum of political thought". . . . Recently, though, the pendulum is swinging both ways simultaneously; or perhaps there are two pendula. As the country in general becomes more conservative (or, rather, as it reasserts its dominant but dormant conservatism), American radicals are running off toward the other goal line. Popular music has become the captive prisoner of the Under-25, that numerical majority of Americans about which too much doggerel has been written, while the Over-25's rehearse Styne and Hammerstein for the thousandth time. And in the U.S. Church, the old Irish hierarchy holds the power and the pursestrings over a young and rebellious (but still Irish) segment of the religious and lay community which is rebelling in a less radical way than members of other radical groups and so has won the hearts of liberal Americans and concerned Catholics alike.

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The National Catholic Office for Motion Pictures, the Church's fairly up-to-date sequel to its fulminous film pressure-group, The Legion of Decency, is attempting to straddle both pendula. At least, this leads to the dizziness of the see-saw; at most, to the torture of the rack. The NCOMP, along with the Motion Picture Association of America (the film industry's own pressure group), has discerned a swing toward what it considers lax screen morals and thus wishes to continue imposing limits on film-makers and guidelines for the faithful; but the Office also wants to be relevant to a new, expanding film form and to the generation that finds art, entertainment and identity in it.

Thirty years ago, the Legion of Decency fought to keep Rhett Butler's punch-line—"Frankly, Scarlett, I don't give a damn"—out of *Gone With the Wind*, and slapped a "B" ("morally objectionable in part for all") rating on the picture when producer David O. Selznick refused to budge; this year, Norman Mailer's *Beyond the Law*, an absurdist police melodrama with shits and fucks galore, was granted the same "B," while the reissued *Gone With the Wind* was reclassified in the A-II ("unobjectionable for adults and adolescents") category. Three

years ago, the Episcopal Committee for Motion Pictures, Radio and Television, the Legion/NCOMP's parent body, ruled that nudity in a fiction feature, "even for otherwise valid reasons of art," would consign that feature to the gehenna of "Class C"; but in the past year, *Capricious Summer*, *Petulia*, and *The Bride Wore Black* (all A-III—"unobjectionable for adults"), *Bedazzled*, *The Stranger*, *The Graduate*, *Faces*, and *Romeo and Juliet* (A-IV—"unobjectionable for adults with reservations") and *Belle de Jour*, *Poor Cow*, *Zita*, *Negatives*, *Lady in Cement*, *Johanna*, and *The Touchables* (B) have included nudity but escaped condemnation. One film, Ingmar Bergman's *Hour of the Wolf* had enough nudity to condemn it and enough artistic and social seriousness to save it; thus, although a majority of the Office's reviewers suggested a "C" classification, a rating for the film was simply shelved and, at this writing, *Hour of the Wolf* resides in Catholic-movie limbo. (Bergman's more recent work, *Shame*, which features, but does not flaunt, a bit of nudity at the outset, has been rated "A-III.")

At the same time, the NCOMP condemned more pictures in 1967 (October 1966 to September 1967, to be precise) than in any previous year—17; and this while the number of pictures reviewed had dropped from 535 in 1938, when five pictures were proscribed, to 245 in 1967. In the following year, the Office condemned twenty-two. Of the thirty-nine films given a "C" are two that altered the power of both the MPAA and the NCOMP: *Blowup* and *Rosemary's Baby*.

II

Since the end of World War II and the beginning of television's popularity, the American movie audience, like all art forms and audiences, has been fragmenting. The days when Hollywood manufactured a streamlined product with something for everyone were over. The mass audience flocked to, or simply sat inert before, the home screen. Films began to be made for "specialty" audiences, and it was thus difficult to rate films for the masses. Among the different specialty audiences were those for Children's Films, with Walt Disney dominating the field. Action Films, similar to much TV material but with more violence; Adult Films (sex and profanity); Art Films (sex and ideas); and Sexploitation Films (sex and more sex).

(The Office's relation to sexploitation films needs a clarifying remark. Until last year, the group simply disregarded the sex-soaked epics of such small distributors as Audubon Films. When Audubon's 1966 import, *I, A Woman*, began climbing toward its eventual \$3,000,000 gross, however, the Office began to act. Audubon's last two releases, *Carmen Baby* and *Therese and Isabelle*, and other tony sexploitation jobs like Cinemation's *Inga*, have been dubbed with the prestige of a "C" rating, putting Radley Metzger and Joe Sarno in the same category with

Bergman, Buñuel, Godard and Antonioni—all multiple winners of the coveted "C.")

The NCOMP was obviously uneasy over classifying films on adult themes for its lay readership, still largely inured to the campaign of film education begun in 1957. Nor was it much helped in 1963, when the "A-IV" category was instituted; the distinction between the "Adult" in "A-III" and the one in "A-IV" seemed to be the difference between the casual adult moviegoer and the sophisticated film-freak. This uneasiness had led the Legion to condemn over the years respected films like Renoir's *A Day in the Country* and *La Bête Humaine*, Von Sternberg's *The Blue Angel*, Bergman's *Smiles of a Summer Night* and *The Silence*, Teshigahara's *Woman in the Dunes*, Godard's *Breathless* and *The Married Woman*—a list of impressive films, and one to which equally impressive titles could be added. Occasionally the distributor would cut the more objectionable sequences from such films, and the Legion would re-evaluate the new edition. Rarely, the Legion would assign a harsher rating to a film edited to include new prurient scenes. Occasionally it would simply reclassify a film. In one early case, the Legion, on October 1, 1936, issued an "A-II" (at that time, "unobjectionable for adults") rating to *La Kermesse Héroïque*, calling it a "delightfully refreshing farce." Four weeks later, the Legion condemned the French film *Carnival in Flanders* and stated, "We find this picture definitely objectionable because of subtle indecent dialogue and incidents. Its entire tone is unwholesome and, in addition, most of it is quite boring." *La Kermesse Héroïque* and *Carnival in Flanders* were then, and are now, precisely the same film.

For a film-maker whose works are, if anything, anti-erotic, Michelangelo Antonioni has received his share of Legion censure. Both *L'Avventura*, perhaps the most widely and wildly praised film of this decade, and *La Notte*, its thematic sequel, were condemned. Antonioni's next two films, *L'Eclisse* and *Deserto Rosso*, won "A-IV" ratings. But the Legion had little worry about the corruption his films might wreak on a large audience: they were all financial flops in this country.

The first remarkable point about Antonioni's English-language debut, *Blowup*, is that it was produced at all—that the world's most successful motion picture producer, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, should give one of the world's least boffo directors a million dollars and a *carte blanche*. The second is that such a slow and elusive film should break through the seams of the arthouse bag and find economic daylight with a wider audience. The third is that *Blowup* provoked as many headaches for the MPAA and NCOMP as it did hallucinations for its shaggy protagonist.

The film was shot in the spring of 1966, edited for Christmas release, and submitted to the MPAA's Production Code in early December. The Code demanded that two sequences be removed: one involving a playful *crêpe-papier* romp with a couple of teenagers and the

lead (David Hemmings), the other concerning a scene which featured Vanessa Redgrave, as a mysterious may-be-murderess, removing her blouse. (Rumor explained Miss Redgrave's unappealing physique by implying that Vanessa, embarrassed to disrobe, used her father Michael as a stand-in.) Antonioni, who had somehow gotten final-cut approval on the film, refused to change anything, and Robert O'Brien, M-G-M's president, defended the filmmaker as an artist and his film as a work of art. *Blowup* opened in New York before the Catholic Office had a chance to review it; by the time it did, the Code seal had been denied, the film had been released by one of M-G-M's subsidiaries, and the critics had begun rhapsodizing.

The Office then issued one of its uncommon more-in-sorrow-than-in-anger condemnations. It praised *Blowup* for its "brilliance of camera technique and beauty of image compositions," and seemed almost apologetic in being unable to "justify a sexual treatment which in certain sequences . . . will impress viewers as going beyond reasonable limits of moral acceptability for a public entertainment medium."

Blowup won the National Society of Film Critics' award for Best Film of 1966, and went on to gross over \$8,000,000. There are two points of view on its popularity, one optimistic and one cynical. The optimist thinks *Blowup* was the first film to tap the feelings of a young, open-minded audience, and that it offered the uneducated viewer a two-hour Introduction to the Art of the Cinema; further, that the film expressed, with a unique obliquity,



the joys and pain of a new life-style, and left moral judgment up to the audience. The cynic replies that, just as anti-war films often inadvertently demonstrated the excitement of war (because war can be graphically and entertainingly rendered, whereas peace cannot), Antonioni subconsciously celebrated *La Mod Vita* while consciously castigating it; that the youthful audience, rather than realizing the aching banality of Hemmings and his environment, identified with him; and that the older folks came in to see the sexy parts.

The reasons for *Blowup*'s success can be debated; the success itself cannot. Few theaters bothered to follow Production Code or Catholic Office strictures, and the

picture made money in some small towns as well as most big cities. The *Blowup* bonanza severely tested the credibility of the Code, and the power of the NCOMP. The Code would take a liberal turn (a loosening of restrictions) and then a conservative one (the classification system) before adjusting to the wishes of the sensuous and the demands of the censorious; the Office would be tested even more severely by another popular English-language feature under the direction of a European film-maker, and soon.

III

Rosemary's Baby is almost too perfect as the model of a modern, major Class "C" picture. It has all the Legion's traditional objections—"suggestive costuming, dialogue and situations"—in spades. It could be condemned simply for "nudity in treatment," as have *The Man With the Balloons*, *The Killing Game* and *Hagbard and Signe*, for there is a disrobing-and-love-making sequence at the beginning of the picture, followed by a kinky dream montage. It could be condemned for use of scatology and profanity ("Shit!" and "For Christ's sake!"), although the Office has taken this approach only rarely in the fifteen years since *The Moon Is Blue* won a "C" for use of the epithet "professional virgin!" It could certainly be condemned on grounds of "blasphemy"—or could it? The Office thought so: "Because of several scenes of nudity this contemporary horror story about devil worship would qualify for a condemned rating. Much more serious, however, is the perverted use which the film makes of fundamental Christian beliefs, especially in the events surrounding the birth of Christ, and its mockery of religious persons and practices. The very technical excellence of the film serves to intensify its defamatory nature."

The Office must have realized the trouble it might cause for itself in condemning *Rosemary's Baby* on these grounds. The Legion of Decency touched its least noble depths in proscribing films as blasphemous, notably regarding *Il Miracolo*, a 1948 featurette directed by Roberto Rossellini and starring Anna Magnani and Federico Fellini, which, through the blunders of the New York Catholic hierarchy and laity, and the bravery of distributor Joseph Burstyn, became known as "The Miracle Case"—hardly an exaggeration for a film that the supreme Court used to define motion pictures as an art form worthy of the First Amendment's protection. Still, the Legion continued to condemn films it considered blasphemous: the French anthologies, *Seven Deadly Sins* (1952) and *Seven Capital Sins* (1962); *Joan of the Angels?*, a Polish retelling of Huxley's *The Devils of Loudon*, made in 1961; and Luis Buñuel's *Viridiana* (1962). (For reasons undecipherable to one who has not seen the film, Buñuel's *The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*, a 1954 film, was rated "A-I".)

Since it took on the Office title, the Catholic group had been careful to avoid any anti-ecumenical proscriptions. In 1967, the NCOMP went so far as to approve (*via* an "A-IV" rating) that beatific burlesque, the Peter Cook-Dudley Moore-Stanley Donen *Bedazzled*, although it boasted the sure-fire evils of both nudity and blasphemy because the Office did not want to give the impression it was condemning the film for irreverence. Another film of the same period, Luchino Visconti's thought- and thirst-provoking *The Stranger*—the absurdist's *Lawrence of Arabia*—is as difficult to define as is the Camus novel on which it is based, but it can easily be considered "offensive to Christian [read: Roman Catholic] and traditional standards of morality and decency." Furthermore, there is sufficient "nudity in treatment" to qualify the film for condemnation. And yet, *The Stranger* received an "A-IV" rating and a sympathetic, thousand-word critique in the NCOMP Annual. Those who have grown up fearing, or hating, or scorning the Legion may be surprised at the piece's tone: "To appreciate [*The Stranger*], one need not accept either Camus' theme of alienation or the peculiar brand of existentialism and atheism-by-default concomitant to it, but one should at least understand Camus *and* the theme *and* his method of presenting it . . . [Mersault's] life, he concludes, has been meaningless; governed by pure chance, as everyone said at the trial, and, so, why should he expect better of an afterlife he cannot accept? Thus it is no surprise that he rejects both God and man in the final sequence, sent to him in the form of a young priest, the prison chaplain, who insists on calling him 'my son.' As the film approaches its real climax, the priest leaves the cell and Mersault soliloquizes for a moment as he waits to be taken to the guillotine. He has survived life for death. He is free."

The insight and liberality evident in this critique suggests that there should have been little surprise when the Office saved Buñuel's more obviously anti-clerical masterpiece, *Belle de Jour*, from the Unholy "C"; it was assigned a "B" rating with a few digs in the review as Buñuel's "leftist political sympathies" and the film's "perversions for their own sake." The surprise came with *Rosemary's Baby*.

The irony is that Roman Polanski, the Polish director who had already carded three "C"s (out of a possible four) for *Knife in the Water*, *Repulsion* and *Cul-de-Sac*, and who adopted Ira Levin's best-seller for the screen, should have shown a literal fidelity to the book bordering on sycophancy, and yet removed lines from the novel that might have implied anti-Catholic bias. "This contemporary horror story about devil worship" can be taken, with the usual suspense of disbelief, either as a straight rendition of the incidents leading to a young ex-Catholic girl's delivery of the son of Satan, or as an internal rendition of the Church-induced fears that lead her to *believe* she has borne the Devil's son. Pieces of in-

formation in the novel, concerning Rosemary's estrangement from her family because of a civil marriage, and her estrangement from the Church which leads to those first diabolical nightmares, point the reader to the latter conclusion: that Rosemary's guilt has given birth to an unhealthy and gradually psychotic fear of her husband and his friends, and that she rationalizes this fear by citing them as demons about to rob her of her baby. Polanski omitted most of this, and instead concentrated on identifying his audience with a woman's basic fear: that her child will be (physically or spiritually) deformed. By eliciting a powerfully intuitive performance from Mia Farrow, as Rosemary, he convinced the audience that those bastards really were out to get poor Andy or Jenny—and seemingly made the story moral, Christian, Catholic and traditional at the same time.

The NCOMP, fighting strong internal evidence (from the film and on its own reviewing staff), condemned the film anyway, issuing a strong rebuke in the process. It ignored or dismissed the argument that Rosemary, the character with whom the audience would surely identify (an old Legion criterion), was acting as a good Catholic in attempting to save her baby from the Devil; that she swears to keep the faith, and keep up the fight, "by all the Saints"; that she criticizes the coven-leader's "mockery of religious persons and practices"—Pope Paul's visit to Yankee stadium—by averring that, "after all, he is the Pope"; and that, with a Christian's unswerving belief in final redemption, she agrees to nurse the baby. Toilet training and parochial schools can work wonders, and besides, little Andrew (she refuses to call him Adrian, presumably after the decadent Roman emperor Hadrian—or after the only English Pope?—preferring to name him for one of the Apostles, Peter's brother) may have been sired by Satan, but he was carried and delivered by Rosemary. He is, as the title plainly states, Rosemary's baby.

If the Office could reject that argument, careful and casuistic enough to satisfy any student of scholastic philosophy, it might have listened to this one: The power to proscribe a film is waning; the power to prohibit one is gone. The decrees of the Chancery Office have given way to the advice of the marriage counselor. The NCOMP's function is no longer to dispense dicta, but to encourage film appreciation.

These were facts the major companies recognized, even if the Office pretended not to. In the fourteen years after United Artists released *The Moon Is Blue*, no major studio had sent out a condemned film under its own banner. Then, in 1967, Paramount distributed *Hurry Sundown*, also directed by Otto Preminger, without bothering to make use of a subsidiary as a face-saving gesture with a "C" picture, and had trebled the insult by issuing *The Penthouse* and *Benjamin* in the same manner. United Artists, with *Beach Red*, and Warner Brothers-Seven Arts, with *Reflections in a Golden Eye*, followed

suit. Neither logic nor threats seemed to convince the majors that they needed the Office to guarantee success for a mass-market film. Why publicize the impotence—especially for a film that seems likely to be popular?

Logic and threats did not convince the majors; neither did it convince the Office. *Rosemary's Baby* was condemned, and became one of the highest grossing films of the year—and the most popular condemned film ever made.

IV

The NCOMP, still the nation's prime pressure group, may have lost some of its power to inflict Kierkegaardian D.T.'s on film producers, distributors and exhibitors; but another segment of national life made its own power, potentially much greater, felt on the industry. This was the U.S. courts system. On April 22 of last year, the Supreme Court, in revoking a Dallas film classification statute on grounds of vagueness, clearly indicated that a well-defined obscenity law, which would restrict "objectionable material" to adults, could be considered constitutional. The Motion Picture Association of America, whose swagger has diminished in direct proportion to the number of American films released annually, immediately sprang (backwards, of course) into action. Within

six months of the Dallas decision, the Association had announced a plan of "voluntary" classification that would restrict certain films to adults. The plan, known familiarly as "Gunrex," consisted of the following categories: "G" (for general audience patronage), "M" (suggested for mature viewers, with "parental discretion advised"), "R" (forbidden to a person under 16 unless accompanied by, to quote the ad-copy from *Candy*, "a parent, guardian or consenting adult"), and "X" (forbidden to persons under 16—no loopholes).

Thus, in one fill swoop, after thirty-five years of strong-arm lobbying, the Catholic group's prayers and curses were answered. It will be recalled that concerned clergy of the Thirties bit into the industry's supply arm, and formed the Legion of Decency, because the Production Code lacked any teeth of its own. Now, with its self-vested power of self-regulation, the MPAA had nearly made the NCOMP politically redundant.

Fortunately, the Office has been emphasizing its positive role, that of film education, for some time. Even before the industry's announcement it had considered dropping its own classification system in favor of short critiques of the kind now published monthly in the *Catholic Film Newsletter*. The *Newsletter*, which alternates with a *Guide to Current Films*, is the most positive indication so far that the Office is prepared to accept as its own the

No Vatican Oscar For Teorema

Paris

The prestigious International Catholic Film Office has taken one mighty big step toward shattering that prestige. It has disavowed the Best Film Award which its Venice Film Festival jury gave *Teorema*, the sexually and religiously bizarre masterwork of Pier Paolo Pasolini.

In a press release, issued March 22 in Brussels, ICPO committee director Msgr. Bernard stated that the Office "regrets the prize was given the film by one of its juries," that *Teorema* "not only fails to correspond to the idea we have had of that prize for 20 years, but it does not respect the sensibilities of Christian people."

The decision was apparently taken in the wake of the deluge of indignant mail the ICFO has received from countries where the film has been shown. Here in France several family and religious organizations have gone so far as to circulate petitions to have the film banned.

In retrospect, however, the whole thing seems inevitable. Not long after the Venice Festival closed last September, Pope Paul issued a statement deploring the decision of the ICFO jury. Hoping to obscure the con-

nection, the biggies in the ICFO waited almost six months to sabotage the prize. It was a nice try but very little digging reveals that—*guess what?*—the Pope appoints the president of the International Catholic Film Office.

The ICFO is now in big trouble. Its bureaus in 42 countries send juries to every major film festival in the world. Those juries, made up of basically decent, honest movie-lovers and critics (Philip Hartung of this magazine was on the Venice jury), enjoyed, until now, a certain amount of deserved respect and their prizes were always one of the minor highlights of a festival.

The ICFO juries have but two choices in the future: plunge fearlessly ahead and risk having their honest decisions overturned at the top; or defer to the medieval wind emanating from Rome by checking with the head office in Brussels before making their awards.

By lucky coincidence, Pasolini arrived here in Paris for a visit two days after the ICFO communiqué was issued. This reporter rushed to his Latin Quarter hotel to renew the acquaintance [*Commonweal*, March 7] and get his reaction.

The 46-year-old poet was obviously angered by the whole thing, but maintained his Italian *calme* in the face of it: "Since this has happened I'm ready to return the two prizes (1968 for *Teorema*, 1964 for *The Gospel According to St. Matthew*) the ICFO has given me. They don't really matter.

"For my part, I'll continue on my course; nothing will

Church's teaching function. Its 14,000 circulation has begun to consist less of parish subscribers, and more of laymen, librarians and, to be sure, interested members of the film industry.

V

Films like *The Killing of Sister George* (whose "C" rating I would not contest) will, of course, continue to be made. So will mature, heart-breaking films like Richard Lester's *Petulia*, rated "A-III" by the Office. In the MPAA's classification system, there is room for both. (The difference between classification and censorship is that the former allows all films to be shown, if only to adult audiences, while the latter can prohibit certain films from being shown at all.) And in the NCOMP's era of enlightened, if at times confusing, criticism, both kinds of films can be evaluated rather than eviscerated. The problem facing a post-ratings Office, a distinct possibility if the MPAA experiment succeeds, is one that confronts any critical organ: making itself heard amid the clamor of other critics. It would be ironic if a dream-come-true (the classification system of the industry) and an open, constructive approach to films were to put the Office in the position of being just another critical voice—if its *aggiornamento* were to lead to its adjournment.

hinder me from continuing my mystical dialogue. The truly liberal Catholics remain liberal and approachable, and my only wish is to renew the communication with the progressive forces in the Church, such as young, liberal, cultivated priests," said the director, who describes himself as "Marxist and secular."

Pasolini seemed a bit amused by one part of the communiqué which claimed *Teorema* "is not within the range of the normal movie-going public."

"So," he smiled, "it emerges from that press release that, to the responsible eyes of the ICFO, the cinema public is made up only of a mass of *minus haben*, poor moral idiots, intellectually underdeveloped, of which the ICFO should be the sole judge of tastes and choice."

Then he turned vehement: "The representatives of the clerical church have but one desire: to die, leaving behind them an unchangeable world. Too bad for them. The world has changed and continues to change. The modern industrial power can't stand that old church anymore, and no longer has need of it. The only ones who need it are Franco and the Greek colonels."

And that was that, except that the film, which has been enormously successful here in Paris, is bound to benefit financially from the denunciation of the prize. Pierre Kalfon, the local distributor of *Teorema*, said mention of the prize will remain on all the advertising in France, and he hinted that the denunciation may be written into future publicity.

LEONARD J. BERRY

HEX ON SEX



THE SCREEN

I am beginning to wonder, as are many of my critical confrères, if even today's permissive society isn't getting fed up on all the sex movies on our screens today. No doubt the zenith in the sex cycle is "I Am Curious (Yellow)," which opened in New York a couple of months ago and has been doing a landoffice business ever since. A whole series of films concerned with sex have turned up since then, most of them, no doubt, made before "I Am Curious." But now there is a glut on the market. And one wonders if the film makers are going to kill the goose that laid the golden egg.

Of course there were movies in which sex played an important part long before "I Am Curious," but this import from Sweden went farther than most; and when it was seized by the U.S. Customs as obscene, its name was made. Then after a jury trial found against the film and a later U.S. Court of Appeals reversed this decision and permitted the picture to be shown, its box-office success was assured. "I Am Curious (Yellow)" is a curious film—part documentary, part fictional, sometimes humorous, more often dull, and rather confusing due to the fact that part of it is a film-within-a-film and one cannot always tell which scenes are supposed to be factual and which are the film-within-the-film. Its story line has mainly to do with Lena, a young girl who is curious about everything in Sweden and goes around Stockholm doing interviews, mostly man-in-the-street stuff in *cinéma vérité*, asking people about Sweden's class structure, about non-violence (after seeing Martin Luther King), about the draft, and about tourism in Spain (when she's on her anti-Franco kick). Then this curious girl becomes curious about sex, although she's already had 23 boys in her young life and has quite a collection of data on them. Lena meets up with Börje—and away they go. Their first fumbling bedroom scene is rather amusing, and so is the next encounter on the balustrade of the Royal Palace (much to the shock of the guard who's watching them). Börje is not interested in Lena's political pursuits and Lena is willing to drop them temporarily for something more physically satisfying. So the couple goes in for all kinds of experiments—sex under water, sex up in a tree (the oldest in Europe), unusual positions, unusual techniques. And it all gets curiouser and curiouser. It must be said to the credit of director Vilgot Sjöman that he chose for Lena not one of Sweden's beautiful babes, but rather plain, slightly plump Lena Nyman, who plays the role with youthful gusto. And Börje is portrayed by mildly good-looking, young Börje Ahlstedt. Whatever social value the film was supposed to have disappears after the interviewing scenes when the two young people start on their

anything-goes kick. It is unfortunate that all the free publicity "I Am Curious (Yellow)" got before it was released made some critics treat this film as if it were a highlight in cinema art. Perhaps it is important in the history of cinema censorship; but it has very little other value. And now we have only to wait for its sequel which is already finished: "I Am Curious (Blue)." Who's waiting?

Perhaps the customers who *are* waiting for "(Blue)" won't exactly find other current examples of erotica to their liking. Most of them are definitely on the arty side, unsatisfactory as to their stories, and so off-beat as to their sex that they can appeal only to a limited few. The very fine French film maker, Henri-Georges Clouzot, tells a tale of a woman who is enough of a masochist to fall in love with a sadistic voyeur. For a while she even seems

to be getting this guy on a track toward normalcy. But nothing comes of this; and actually nothing comes of the picture either. It does have some stunning color photography and its settings mostly of the Parisian art clique (the sadist owns a gallery) are beautiful. "La Prisonnière" is all the more disappointing because it was made by the brilliant director of "The Wages of Fear" and "Diabolique" two memorable pics. In his new film, Clouzot seems to have had no idea where he was going; and consequently he never got there.

"Succubus," an import from Germany has even less idea of what it's getting at. Interpretations are almost impossible. But on the visual side, it has a lot of nudity and sex scenes, some rather pretty color photography and a story that's straight fantasy. As a film, it belongs in the department of confusion. PHILIP T. HARTUNG

A SELECTED LIST OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS



LAURA POLLA SCANLON



From "Practical Princess" (Parents Press)

PICTURE BOOKS

Jumbo the Boy and Arnold the Elephant. By Dan Greenberg. Ill. by Susan Perl. Bobbs-Merrill. \$4.50.

A funny story by a clever writer based on an outrageous occurrence: a baby elephant and a baby boy are mixed-up at the hospital. Good illustrations that carry out the absurd spirit of the tale. 7-9.

Don't Talk to Strange Bears. Written and ill. by Edward Koren. Simon and Schuster. \$4.95.

Adults are often too tired, too busy, too everything, to listen to little ones. So children would enjoy the experience of little Nat who carefully avoids talking to strange bears, as his mama told him, but tries to chat with several other kinds of creatures. Grown-ups will love

these pictures, but children may find them too dull and fuzzy. 4-6.

Small Pig. Written and ill. by Arnold Lobel. Harper & Row. \$2.50.

A slight story, but one that is amusing enough to hold the interest of beginning readers. It's about what happens when an overly-conscientious farmer's wife spoils Small Pig's happiness by cleaning even the nice soft mud. Illustrations are vivid, clear and lively. 4-8.

The Practical Princess. By Jay Williams. Ill. by Friso Henstra. Parents Magazine Press. \$3.95.

Bedelia is a most down-to-earth princess who uses plain old common sense to get herself out of one tight spot after another. The plot is a good one but the story is told flatly, without drama and what excitement there is comes from the elaborate, full color illustrations that really save the book. 6-8.

How, Hippo! Written and ill. by Marcia Brown. Scribner's. \$3.50.

Baby Hippo ventures away from mother and gets into trouble. A silly story but illustrated with first-rate woodcuts that make it fun to look at. 3-6.

The Roe Deer. By Astrid Bergman Sucksdorff. Ill. by the author. Harcourt, Brace & World. \$3.50.

A sensitive and lyrical rendering of the life cycle of these exquisite creatures. The smooth text is biologically informative, but it is the magnificent, eloquent photographs which convey the roe deer's essential grace. A beautiful book. 8 and up.

Sylvester and the Magic Pebble. Written and ill. by William Steig. Simon & Schuster. \$4.95.

Sylvester Duncan and his parents are middle-class donkeys who live happily in a suburb called Oatsdale until one day when Sylvester's apparently harmless hobby (collecting unusual pebbles)

LAURA POLLA SCANLON is on the faculty of New York Community College, Brooklyn campus.

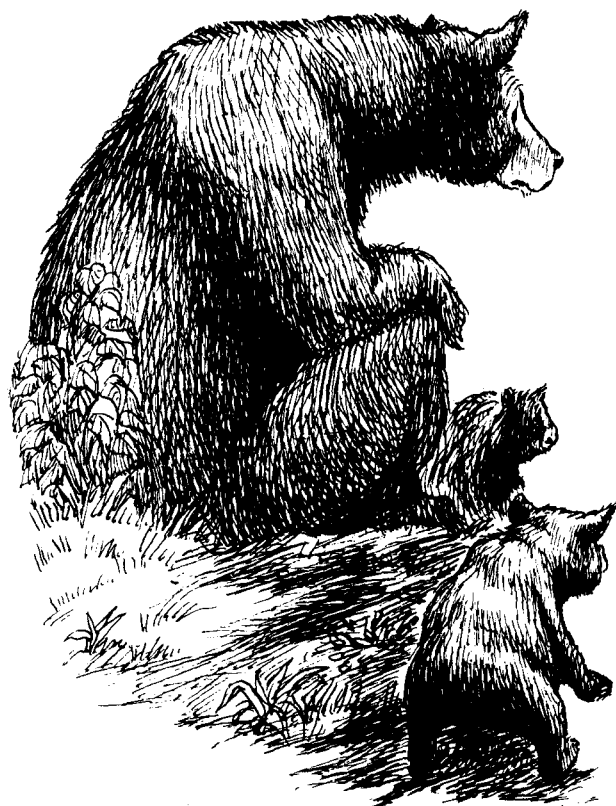


Illustration by WALLACE TRIPP

A BEASTLY CIRCUS

By PEGGY PARISH. Illustrated by PETER PARNALL. An alliterative alphabet of animals runs the gamut from acrobatic alligators to zigzagging zebras. All deliciously illustrated with 2-color line drawings.

Ages 4-8. \$3.95

NEVER MAKE FUN OF A TURTLE, MY SON

By MARTIN GARDNER. Illustrated by JOHN ALCORN. In 20 infectious poems Martin Gardner's sprightly advice and John Alcorn's hilarious illustrations offer children a wry, affectionate look at their own behavior. 3-color illustrations.

Ages 6-10. \$3.95

MRS. FOX

By JOHN ERWIN. Illustrated by WALLACE TRIPP. How Thumb, a baby monkey, nearly turns Mrs. Fox, the nimble-witted, sharp-tongued con artist, into a gracious lady makes for an absorbing and exciting tale.

Ages 8-12. \$3.95

PERPLEXING PUZZLES AND TANTALIZING TEASERS

By MARTIN GARDNER. Illustrated by LASZLO KUBINYI. Ridiculous riddles, tantalizing teasers, intricate mazes, deceptive illusions, tricky questions and a host of unusual word and picture puzzles. Richly illustrated with diagrams and drawings.

Ages 7-11. \$3.95

A BUILDING GOES UP

By ELY JACQUES KAHN. Illustrated by CAL SACKS. A world-famous architect describes in step-by-step detail the construction of a building. A fascinating, authoritative introduction to the fields of architecture, engineering, and the building trades. Glossary and index.

Ages 9-12. \$3.95

THE GREAT AMERICAN SHOPPING CART

How America Gets Its Food Today

By ADA and FRANK GRAHAM, JR. A fascinating look behind the supermarket counter at the revolution in the food marketing industry with new ways of growing, harvesting, packaging, preserving and selling food. Illustrated with photographs, charts and drawings. Glossary and index.

Ages 8-12. \$3.95

Simon & Schuster Books for Boys and Girls

PERFORMING PLANTS

By WARE T. BUDLONG. Illustrated by GRAMBS MILLER. Tomatoes that measure a foot around and a garden of plants that tell time are just two of the delightful and unusual plant phenomena described. Many chapters include experiments for the reader. Bibliography and index.

Ages 10-14. \$3.95

COMPUTERS: THEIR HISTORY AND HOW THEY WORK

By RICHARD B. RUSCH. Illustrated with photographs and drawings. How do computers work? What are their uses? How do they affect man now, and how will they change his life in the future? An invaluable guide to the new world of computers. Glossary and index.

Ages 12 and up. \$4.50

VANISHING GIANTS

The Story of the Sequoias

By ROBERT SILVERBERG. Illustrated with photographs and maps. The story of California's two forest giants, the redwood and the giant sequoia, which trace their ancestry from the time of the dinosaurs, is told in fascinating detail. Bibliography and index.

Ages 10 and up. \$4.50

SCIENCE SHIP

A Voyage Aboard the Discoverer

By PETER BRIGGS. Illustrated with photographs. The author of *Men In The Sea* recounts his voyage on board one of the newest and most sophisticated research vessels of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey. Index.

Ages 12 and up. \$3.95



Windmill Books/Simon & Schuster

WHITNEY DARROW, JR.'S ANIMAL ETIQUETTE

Can a mouse share his umbrella with a cow? Where should a hippopotamus put his pajamas? The answers to these and other important questions of animal etiquette are delightfully illustrated in this book of inspired nonsense. 2-color illustrations.

Ages 6-10. \$2.95

HELLO HIPPOPOTAMUS

By EUGENE H. HIPPOPOTAMUS. Eugene H. Hippopotamus, dismayed at his ugly reflection in the water, learns through his adventures in the world that beauty is in the eye of another hippopotamus. 4-color illustrations.

Ages 6-10. \$3.95

SYLVESTER AND THE MAGIC PEBBLE

By WILLIAM STEIG. Sylvester Duncan, a young donkey, finds a magic pebble and makes a wish that leads to a year of sorrow and separation for the Duncan family. A book of rare humor and beauty. 4-color illustrations.

Ages 4-8. \$4.95

DON'T TALK TO STRANGE BEARS

By EDWARD KOREN. Little Nat mustn't talk to strange bears but he does speak to everyone else when he enters the magic forest where he finds a world of fantastic and wonderful creatures.

Ages 4-8. \$4.95

leads to his transformation into a rock. The bereaved parents finally recover their Sylvester, by wishing as they sit on him. Story and pictures will delight young children and even sophisticated parents are bound to enjoy Steig's droll touches. (Oatsdale police are depicted as pigs). 6-10.

Lovable Lyle. Written and ill. by Bernard Waber. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.95.

Someone is waging a smear campaign against Lyle. He saves his image through a very good deed and remains "Lovable Lyle" to all. 5-8.

Blackboard Bear. Written and ill. by Martha Alexander. Dial Press. \$2.95.

A thoroughly appealing little book about a very small boy who has only his teddy bear to play with because the big kids don't want him around. With believable defiance he draws a large bear on the blackboard who proceeds to take care of those mean big kids. The story is warm and realistic, told in few words with fine pictures. 3-6.

Gustavus and Stop. Written and ill. by Fernando Krahn. Dutton. \$4.50.

Gustavus sneaks his dog Stop into the circus, they both became stage-struck and rush home to be clowns. Gustavus practices; breaks vases, smashes tomatoes. Stop does his own tricks; there is a misfortune and finally a happy reunion back at the circus. Bright, colorful pictures filled with droll Krahn characters tell the whole story with almost no text. 4-7.

Hungry Fred. By Paula Fox. Ill. by Rosemary Wells. Bradbury Press. \$3.95.

Fred was hungry so he ate everything in sight, starting with the apples in the bowl on the table, the bowl, the table, and on and on. Still hungry, he heads for the woods where he meets a rabbit. A perplexing and astonishing story with highly imaginative pictures that will intrigue adults and children. 5-7.

NATURE AND SCIENCE

The World of Dragonflies and Damselflies. By Ross E. Hutchins. Photographs

by the author. Dodd, Mead. \$3.75.

This much respected entomologist also happens to be an accomplished nature-photographer and an adequate writer. The close-up photographs are clear, often very beautiful and well detailed to illuminate the text which probably says all there is to say about these ubiquitous flying bugs. 10 and up.

Homes Beneath the Sea: An Introduction to Ocean Ecology. By Boris Arnov Jr. Ill. with photographs. Little, Brown. \$4.50.

A fast moving, consistently interesting presentation of the web of marine life explaining the relevance of food chains, the balance of nature, habitats, population densities and so much more. Even if the young reader never heard of a limpet or a blinny, his appetite is sure to be whetted by this fine book. Photographs are mediocre. Considering the subject, they might have been spectacular. 10 and up.



From "Sylvester and the Magic Pebble" (Simon and Schuster)

Fact and Fancy in American Wild-Life. By Manuel Milan and William Keane. Ill. by Manuel Milan. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.95.

Snakes can't be charmed by flute-playing; they don't hear music, and contrary to popular belief, the longevity record for alligators is a mere 60 years. On the other hand, beavers are busy and foxes are cunning. This book separates the fact from the fancy through short explanations, easily legible type and soft, fine drawings. A good idea well executed. 8-12.

What Makes a Clock Tick? By Chester Johnson. Ill. by Nathan Goldstein. Atlantic-Little Brown. \$2.95.

"The Watchmakers' of Switzerland Information Center" are said to have approved this text. Who could find fault after such a citation? My impression is that it clarifies a basic mechanical mystery in a nicely readable way with careful, clear drawings. 8-12.

Hunting Big Game in the City Parks. By Howard G. Smith. Ill. by Anne Marie Jauss. Abingdon Press. \$4.95.

With all the zest of a big game hunter, the author enthusiastically guides the readers on a backyard or city park safari, tells how to observe and maybe capture the wild creatures that stalk them. The book is complete with information about habits and habitats of animals, scientific terminology, dictionary, extensive bibliography, glossary, plus a how-to section so readers can make and maintain their own insect zoo. 10 and up.

Lasers Work Like This: An Illustrated Introduction. By Egon Larsen. Roy. \$3.95.

An English import. The writing is quite lucid and what seems like a terribly difficult subject becomes understandable. There are problems however, the American editor, if there was one, let several Britishisms sneak through and the illustrations are inferior. 12 and up

FICTION FOR PRE-ADOLESCENTS

Porko Von Popbutton. Written and ill. by William Pène DuBois. Harper & Row. \$3.95.

Pat O'Sullivan Pinkerton, who weighs 274 pounds, goes through normal-sized chairs, tables, walls and beds as if they were made out of gingerbread. His distraught parents send him away to a boarding school, which is noted for its hockey team. Not because "Porko" is athletic, for goodness sake, but it is the only school that doesn't require a photo. Porko's adventures there and how he saves the school's reputation in what has to be the most outrageous

hockey game ever (the description appeared in *Sports Illustrated* under the title, "Beat the Queen") makes for hilarious reading. The pages are brilliantly spiced with the most succulent food imagery since Keats—Porko classifies all his experiences gastronomically. The book-jacket announces that this is the third of a series on the seven deadly sins by this author. I can't wait for the rest. 10 and up.

Hurry! Dinner Is at Six. By Ruth Leslie Smith. Ill. by Robert Tallon. Bobbs-Merrill. \$4.50.

A delightful frolic for young readers with a hearty appetite for fantasy and nonsense, this story is thick with gimmicks that fanciful 8-year-olds will like: lovable talking animals, a society of friendly wooden people, a silly crime, and of course a mock-trial, presided over by a vain judge who happens to be a bull-dog. All is seen in the dream of one amazed little girl who holds her own throughout the unlikely episodes. The excellent illustrations are imaginative and lively. 8-10.

About the B'Nai Bagels. Written and ill. by E. L. Konigsburg. Atheneum. \$3.95.

It's safe to guess that the 8- to 12-year-olds who read this will not have been jaded about Jewish mothers by Alexander Portnoy. Anyway, Bessie Letzer is not just any Jewish mom; she's the manager of the B'Nai Bagels, a Little League baseball team (officially listed as the "Bnai Brith"). Bessie is an extraordinary character and the story of how she cons her college-age son, Spencer, into coaching, and then jockies her team into top (of course) position is wittily told through the persona of Mark, her very own little bagel. Of course, some kids don't know about bagels, but all kids know about Little League and funny mothers who address requests to their creator by looking imploringly at the kitchen light. A very funny book. 8-12.

The Buffalo Boy. By Janet Randall. David McKay. \$3.95.

Even in this socially conscious age,

Make your child's summer more interesting— with these new books from Little, Brown



Edward Lear **THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT**

By popular demand, the original English version adorned with the illustrations of the Caldecott Award-winner *Barbara Cooney*. All ages. \$2.95†

Eric Stevenson **TONY AND THE TOLL COLLECTOR**

A humorous account of the friendship of a boy and a toll collector. *Illustrated by James Stevenson*. Ages 4-8. \$3.25†

Miska Miles ***NOBODY'S CAT**

A beautifully illustrated story about a scrappy cat who makes his own way in the jungle of the city. *Illustrated by John Schoenherr*. Ages 6-8. \$3.75†

Virginia A. Tashjian **JUBA THIS AND JUBA THAT**

Story Hour Stretches for Large or Small Groups
A fun-filled collection of chants, poems, stories, finger plays, riddles, songs, tongue twisters and jokes. *Illustrated by Victoria de Larrea*. Ages 6-8. \$4.50

Claudia Paley **BENJAMIN THE TRUE**

A sensitive story about a questioning boy and a powerful witch. *Illustrated by Trina Schart Hyman*. Ages 8-12. \$3.75†

Betty K. Erwin **BEHIND THE MAGIC LINE**

The warm story of a young black girl and her dreams and determination. *Illustrated by Julia Ilitis*. Ages 8-12. \$4.95

Jacqueline Jackson **THE GHOST BOAT**

Menace and mirth combine when four children discover a "ghost" near their summer home. *Illustrated by the author*. Ages 8-12. \$4.50

Janet McNeill **GOODBYE, DOVE SQUARE**

A band of English children adjust to a new neighborhood and to growing up in this sequel to *The Battle of St. George Without*. *Illustrated by Mary Russon*. Ages 10-14. \$4.50

Robert Coles ***THE GRASS PIPE**

Plain-talk in story form from the well-known child psychiatrist about the use of marijuana by middle-class teenagers. Ages 12 up. \$4.25

Peter Dickinson ***THE WEATHERMONGER**

A highly imaginative and compelling thriller about two children seeking to free England from a malevolent spell. Ages 12 up. \$4.95

Special for parents

Eleanor Cameron ***THE GREEN AND BURNING TREE**

On the Writing and Enjoyment of Children's Books
Fascinating, critical essays on children's literature by the successful author of many children's books. \$6.95

Illustration from *Juba This and Juba That*

*Atlantic Monthly Press books
†Library edition available

At all bookstores
**Little, Brown
and Company**

American Indians are consistently maligned in our popular culture. Here is a book that treats a group of Indians and their problems, as seen through the eyes of 12-year-old Willow Girl, with seriousness and respect. The story is based on history: the Nez Perce Indians of central Idaho were ordered to leave their home and move to a small reservation. Determined to escape the white man's confinement, 700 Indians set out on a 2,000-mile journey to the Canadian border. The character of Willow Girl and the misfortune of her family on the journey are skillfully depicted. Willow Girl's dilemma, torn between the white man's culture she learned at the mission school and that of her own people, is subtly expressed through a series of well-wrought incidents. 9-12.

A Walk Out of the World. By Ruth Nichols. Harcourt, Brace and World. \$4.25.

Dreams and visions are as old as literature, but handled well, they still make excellent frames for fantastic stories. Miss Nichols handles this dream well. Tobit and Judith are two slender, silent children who never played with anyone but each other. They live in a dismal apartment in an ugly city where they attend a brown brick school and play in an asphalt playground; it's a world one may as well walk out of, so they do. The new world is a land of rich deep forests, castles and beautiful royal people and the inevitable struggle between the forces of good and evil. Ingredients here are conventional, but treated with imagination and poetic deftness. 9-12.

Hey, What's Wrong With This One? By Maia Wojciechowska. Ill. by Joan Sandin. Harper & Row. \$3.95.

Mott is the youngest of three motherless, highly spirited boys who have gone through six housekeepers in as many months. What they really want is a new mother. The older boys, Harley and Davidson (named after a motorcycle their father once loved) realize the delicacy of the situation, that a new mom for them means a new

wife for dad, a complicated matter, but not young Mott. He takes matters into his own clumsy hands. "This one" is one of the surprised ladies he drags over to his dad for appraisal (in the supermarket). It's a charming happy story, told with good humor and, though it lacks the resonance of this fine author's books for older children, it is fun, like a good situation comedy, and penetrating enough to withstand many, many readings. 8-11.

And What of You, Josephine Charlotte? By Elizabeth Witheridge. Ill. by Barbara McGee. Atheneum. \$4.25.

Josephine Charlotte was an intelligent, talented young woman, but she was a slave and these qualities do not make such a condition easy to bear. This is the chronicle of her life in the 1800's and her struggle to be a real person. The characters and their relationships are not fully realized, but the author, who used her own family history for the story, vividly expressed the awful essence of slavery, that one is owned, is a piece of property, like any object. The plot is adequate and gives a good picture of contemporary life, abolitionist activity of the time, and the remarkable "underground railroad" in action. 9-14.

Barbie. By Kitty Barne. Little, Brown. \$4.95.

Barbie is a very young musical genius, totally dedicated to her art, who must leave her musical family for a time and live with cousins in an isolated English town. She is despondent, because what she truly needs is the tutelage of an accomplished artist. The framework of the story is trite, but the author's knowledge and love of music make the book fascinating. Barbie is a charming little heroine and her story will inspire youngsters, no matter what their interests, but lovers of music should be enthralled. 10-14.

Behind the Magic Line. By Betty K. Erwin. Little, Brown. \$4.95.

Pat Moynihan may find this Negro family hard to believe, but this is a convincing account of a young black

girl's life and her dreams of escape for herself and her family from their crowded ghetto existence. The story is tender and the family's closeness extremely touching. Unfortunately, the villains of the piece, besides the police, are a poor white family with numerous children who are depicted as lazy, shiftless, slovenly scavengers. They are named O'Connell. Maybe Miss Erwin was getting back at Moynihan. Anyway, good educational fare. 8-12.

Lillie of Watts: A Birthday Discovery. By Mildred Pitts Walter. Ill. by Leonora E. Prince. The Ward Ritchie Press. \$3.75.

The substance of this book by a writer associated with the famous Watts writers' workshop is somewhat thin: A young black girl has a series of minor mishaps on her 11th birthday that lead her to new discoveries about herself and her family. But the simple tale is enriched by fine descriptions of the sights and sounds in post-riot Watts, and Lillie's fears and dreams, her feelings about her home and school are sensitively evoked by a writer who seems to know precisely what she is talking about. Miss Prince's drawings are well executed, often eloquent. 8-11.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

The Palmer Raids. By Edwin P. Hoyt. Seabury. \$3.95.

As contemporary as tomorrow's college bust. The SDS has no idea about what real repression can be like. The general social unrest that followed W.W.I was blamed on the Left and largely on members of the IWW. Unprincipled politicians, brilliantly manipulating public hysteria imprisoned thousands. A superb account. 12 and up.

African Firebrand: Kenyatta of Kenya. By Jules Archer. Messner. \$3.50.

A solid biography of the famous African leader. Kenyatta is now seen as one of the most progressive forces in the "New Africa." Such was not the case a few years ago when he was called everything from savage murder to Com-mie tool. 12 and up.

A Black Explorer at the North Pole. By Matthew A. Henson. Walker. \$4.50.

The fascinating and exciting diary of an extraordinary explorer. Henson, who was born black and poor in Charles County, Maryland in 1866, was closely associated with Admiral Peary and was the other American who nailed the American flag to the North Pole in 1909. His courage and integrity are revealed in this marvelous biography for readers 12 and up.

Black Pride: A People's Struggle. By Janet Harris and Julius Hobson. Ill. with photographs. McGraw Hill. \$4.95.

One of the problems with our schools is that they dilute our history. This can be blamed on poorly trained teachers and/or innocuous textbooks that take no position. Revolutions become War of Independence. Revolutionaries become Founding Fathers. The movement for Black Pride has a long, proud tradition, and the cry of "black power" is as American as "Give me liberty or give me death." This book traces and explains that tradition. All the leaders from Marcus Garvey to Malcolm X and here; lucid and honest. 12 and up.

Brother, Can You Spare a Dime. The Great Depression. By Milton Meltzer. Ill. by photographs. Knopf. \$3.95.

This is the book season for living history. Eyewitness accounts of historical events and/or eras are becoming more popular on children's lists. It's a fresh and interesting way to read history. Here is an excellent picture of the Great Depression. The author uses reporting by some of the best, Edmund Wilson, Gordon Parks and John Dos Passos. Good photographs. 12 and up.

Black Bondage. The Life of Slaves in the South. By Walter Goodman. Farrar, Straus and Giroux. \$3.75.

Another eye-witness account. Goodman has drawn on an extensive number of slave documents. The result is a clear documentary that brings slavery alive. The daily routine, abysmal living conditions, punishments and pleasures are clearly portrayed. It should make

this experience in our history meaningful for young readers. 12 and up.

Who Says You Can't. By Beryl and Samuel Epstein. Coward-McCann. \$4.50.

Slices from the lives of seven reformers who refused to buy the old dictum about not being able to fight city

hall. The best known are Ralph Nader of "Unsafe at Any Speed" fame and the Doctors Kelsey and Taussig who refused to allow thalidomide on the drug market until it was proved safe. But the remaining five, although less known, are inspiring stories that might encourage tough-minded youngsters



Illus. by H. Tom Hall from Yin Sun and the Lucky Dragon

Get set to soar with Westminster books for children and youth

Yin Sun And The Lucky Dragon

By MABEL WATTS. Illus. by H. Tom Hall. About a kite-loving little boy of Hong Kong. 6-10. \$3.75

NOBODY Scares a Porcupine

By JEAN HORTON BERG. Illus. by Robert Jefferson. The forest animals learn the real meaning of courage. 3-8. \$3.75

The Mystery of the Crimson Ghost

By PHYLLIS A. WHITNEY. Authentic horse lore plus an eerie mystery. 10-14. \$3.75

The Golden Enemy

By ALEXANDER KEY. A provocative, haunting fantasy of the distant future. A Junior Literary Guild selection. 12-up. \$3.95

A Spycase Built for Two

By AMELIA ELIZABETH WALDEN. A girl C.I.A. agent in Portugal. Girls, 12-16. \$3.95

MARY MARTIN ON STAGE

By SHIRLEE P. NEWMAN. The story of a star. Photos. 10-15. \$3.95

IT'S SPRING!

By SISTER NOEMI WEYGANT, O.S.B. The Spring countryside in beautiful photos and sensitive prose poems. A companion volume to *It's Autumn!* 7" x 10". 8-11. \$3.95

THE MYSTERY OF THE MARMALADE CAT

By JANET ROGERS HOWE. Illus. by Clay Blaker. Three children investigate a "jinxed" house. 9-14. \$3.95

REBEL PILGRIM

A Biography of Governor William Bradford

By WILMA PITCHFORD HAYS. Plymouth Colony's indomitable leader. Photos, drawings. 10-15. \$3.95

Bible for Children

with songs and plays, New Testament

By J. L. KLINK. Illus. by Piet Klaasse. This companion to last Spring's *Bible for Children*, Old Testament makes the story of Jesus vividly real for young readers. 9-14. 7" x 9 3/4". \$4.95

WARRIOR FOR A LOST NATION

A Biography of Sitting Bull

By DOROTHY M. JOHNSON. Custer's conqueror, sympathetically portrayed. Photos. 10-14. \$3.95

TERROR WEARS A FEATHERED CLOAK

By THELMAR WYCHE CRAWFORD. Mystery and adventure among the Mayan ruins of Yucatan. 12-15. \$3.95

DROP INTO HELL

By GENE OLSON. A grimly realistic story of World War II paratroop action. 12-up. \$3.75

FIREBRAND FOR JUSTICE

A Biography of Louis Dembitz Brandeis

By IRIS NOBLE. About a vital figure in American law and liberalism. 12-up. \$4.50

THE MOUNTIES PATROL THE SEA

By TOM E. CLARKE. Chronicles the adventurous career of the RCMP schooner *St. Roch*. Photos. 12-up. \$4.50

THE JADE MONKEY MYSTERY

By LEON WARE. A young American becomes involved with an Oriental pirate clan. 10-14. \$3.95

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The Grass Pipe. By Robert Coles. Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$4.25.

Speaking of marijuana, the newspapers tell us that not only are more and more people using it, but that they're starting younger and younger. In *The Grass Pipe*, the boys are only 13 and 14, sons of busy, middle-class parents on the socio-economic rise. The book is a thinly-disguised lesson in the dangers of playing with this particular kind of fire; the plot is sparse, and there is too much talk and not enough action. But the author, a noted child psychiatrist, obviously has a solid understanding of the problems and behavior of young people; this lends realism and life to the characters. 12 and up.

I'll Get There. It Better be Worth the Trip. By John Donovan, Harper & Row. \$3.95.

Thirteen-year-old Davy Ross, child of divorced parents suffers a series of traumatic losses. His beloved grandmother dies and he must move from their happy home in a small New England town of wide streets, fields and beaches to a cramped New York apartment with his neurotic mother, who spends more time in her cups than at them. When his dog, the only creature he can talk to when his mother's had too much gin, is killed because of his mother's carelessness, Davy turns to the one positive thing in his life: his friendship with Douglas, a school friend whose problems are much the same. Their common understanding and the tension they both live under explodes into a sexual confrontation between the two boys (certainly a "first" in the annals of juvenile literature). This book is likely to create more fuss than Maurice Sendak stirred up with his monsters a few years ago. (*Where the Wild Things Are*) but Mr. Donovan, who is president of The Children's Book Council, seems to know a lot about adolescent boys and about the writing of books. This is a beautifully written, poignant depiction of how Davy absorbs his experience and begins to grow toward manhood. It could only be found objectionable by the most narrow-minded of little

old librarians from Iowa. 12 and up.

Sam & Me. By Josephine Tate. Coward McCann. \$3.50.

This unusual, remarkably frank novel tells how a young woman achieves an understanding of herself and learns how to express the love she feels for Sam, the boy she has grown up with and married. Jo's essential passivity and absence of ego, clearly



From "A Dictionary of Chivalry" (Crowell)

motivated by her chaotic childhood as an orphan, causes deep problems in her marriage. Jo's story is told with consummate skill, so the effect is that of a well-worded diary. The style is deceptively simple so that only on reflection one sees the subtlety of the characterization and the technical mastery. The book is provocative treatment of the fact that one must be a full person, in an active sense, to truly be a woman, a worthwhile lesson for many young girls who see themselves only as sexual props. 16 and up.

In Any Spring. By Jean Fiedler. David McKay. \$3.95.

Laura Kearns is a junior at the university who has a nice stable boy friend with whom she has an "understanding." Everything changes when she meets and falls in love with Kapur, an Indian graduate student. Around this situation the author builds a story that is convincing and realistic. The relationship between the two, fraught with ambivalence because of their dissimilar cultures, is movingly described. The disease of racism is vividly evoked in an apartment-hunting episode. While

Kapur and Laura don't "live happily ever after," they have a fine experience and Laura, as well as her family and friends, grows in tolerance and understanding. It's a good plot, with well-realized characters. Though flawed by a woodenness of style, young romantics probably won't mind. 12 and up.

Jane—Emily. By Patricia Clapp. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. \$3.75.

An eerie gothic tale in which the worlds of the living and the dead meet. Louisa, an 18-year-old girl spends the summer with her orphaned niece, Jane, in the home of Jane's elderly grandmother. Louisa gets a fine fiancé out of the ordeal, but the summer in that quiet New England town turns out to be a spine-tingler for all concerned. Drama, suspense and atmospheric touches nearly as effective as vintage Edgar Allen Poe make this a fine ghost story that mystery lovers and e.s.p. buffs will love. 12 and up.

The Gentle Conquistadors: The Ten-Year Odyssey Across the American Southwest of Three Spanish Captains, and Esteban, a Black Slave. By Jeanette Musky. Ill. by Thomas Morley. Pantheon. \$4.95.

Here is a very special book. Essentially, it is the adventure of four survivors from an ill-fated expedition of 600 men from Seville to the new world. After some years as captives of the Indians of "La Florida," the four men set out to reunite with their countrymen in Mexico. The Incans they meet on their journey come to believe in their Christian prayers. They acquire a following as healers and are called "the children of the sun." What began as a lonely trek through hostile territory becomes a stately procession of thousands. It's a most competently executed story, told in uncluttered prose that has the stately dignity of a fine old epic, perfectly appropriate for such a saga. The characters are highly individual and real. Miss Musky's exhaustive research is evident in the richness of the material; giving a satisfying intellectual dimension to the book. The story is enhanced by Thomas Morley's

superb, equally serious, live drawings. 12 and up.

A Kind of Secret Weapon. By Elliott Arnold. Scribners. \$3.63.

It is 1943, and the Nazis occupy Denmark. To young Peter Anderson it seems they always have. Peter discovers that his mother and father, actively engaged in the Resistance, are putting out an underground newspaper. And becomes actively involved. This is his story, but it is also the story of the many brave people of Denmark whose heroism saved countless lives. The book is extremely well executed; a gripping tale of courage and loyalty told without sentimentality by a highly competent writer. 10-14.

BIBLE

The Taizé Picture Bible. Adapted from the text of the Jerusalem Bible. Ill. by Brother Eric de Saussure. Herder and Herder. \$4.95.

Most of the important bible stories, faithful to the original text and adequately documented, appear in this bible for young people. But the text has neither contemporary ease nor biblical stateliness and seems to be geared for an older age group than the pictures. The stylized, sadly colored pictures might best be described as early modern Christian art. 10 and up.

Brian Wildsmith's Illustrated Bible Stories. Told by Philip Turner. Franklin Watts. \$7.95.

Contemporary children would probably prefer this book with its livelier biblical syntax for up-to-date language and baroque imagery calculated to arouse a sense of wonder. The dynamic illustrations are sophisticated enough to be provocative. 10 and up.

Young Readers' Dictionary of the Bible. Ill. by Tom Armstrong. Abingdon Press. \$5.95.

This might well be called a neophyte's dictionary since older than young readers will find it an invaluable reference tool, providing guidance about the persons, places, events, ideas and unfamiliar terms in the Bible. Definitions are



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Illustration from *Dominique and the Dragon*

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FOLKLORE

The Three Wishes. A Collection of Puerto Rican Folktales. By Ricardo E. Alegria. Ill. by Lorenzo Homar. Harcourt, Brace, and World. \$3.25.

A fine idea that fails the way many collections of folklore do. The stories are not skillfully adapted; they are dull, with little dialogue or characterization. Their essential charm and wit would be lost on all but dogged enthusiasts. 8-12.

Russian Folk Tales. Trans. by Natalie Duddington. Ill. by Dick Hart. Funk & Wagnalls. \$4.95.

A well-balanced collection that might change some young minds about the Russian character. Artfully adapted tales that retain the flavor of the old time story-teller, are filled with surprises, magic transformations, and outrageously romantic endings. 8-12.

The Emperor's Gift. By Gertrude Weaver. Ill. by Unada. Thomas Nelson & Sons. \$3.50.

Prophecy held that Si Ling Chi, a girl child considered worthless by her father who desperately wanted a son, would one day bring great honor to China. The story of how this disarming outcast discovers silk is both funny and sad, compelling to the end. 10-14.

Princess September. By W. Somerset Maugham. Ill. by Jacqueline Ayer. Harcourt, Brace & World. \$3.50.

When a master craftsman adapts a basically charming folk tale the result is sure to be good. This Siamese tale of the nightingale is graceful and witty. The illustrations capture the color and flavor of a far-off land. 6-9.

MEDLEY

Book of Giants. Ed. by William Mayne. Ill. by Raymond Briggs. Dutton. \$4.95.

Nineteen stories about giants by some giant storytellers—among the Nathaniel Hawthorne, Jonathan Swift, and Oscar Wilde. Naturally some are better stories than others, but the editor has done a fine job; none is lifeless or dull. Each story has a brief intro. by the editor in a pleasant, chatty style. Raymond Briggs' illustrations are brilliant extensions of the stories. All ages.

A Dictionary of Chivalry. By Grant Uden. Ill. by Pauline Baynes. T. Y. Crowell. \$10.00.

A serious but not intimidating source-book for young students of the middle ages. The entries, written in prose that is simple, clean and concise, often make use of excerpts from ancient chronicles and literature. The book is neatly designed, lavishly sprinkled with detailed and informative illustrations. 10 and up.

Tucker's Countryside. By George Selden. Ill. by Garth Williams. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$3.95.

Further adventures of Chester Cricket, Harry Cat and Tucker Mouse, the heroes of the enchanting book, *The Cricket In Times Square*. This time the locale is Connecticut but the story is as cheerful, full of humor and charming whimsy as the first. Garth Williams' pictures are beautiful; his creatures marvelously expressive. 8-12.

Stockmarket abc. By Joanne K. Friedlander and Jean Neal. Follett. Ill. by Tom Dunnington. \$2.95.

A why and how book on the stock market that is an interesting and fairly complete guide considering the length, (91 pages). 12-up.

What's Behind the Word? By Harold Longman. Ill. by Susan Perl. Coward McCann. \$3.49.

A most beautiful book with lush two-color illustrations that promises rich etymological treats. Words are well chosen with an eye to the inherent interest in the stories behind them. A good idea, but the text style which is adequate, but not distinguished, lacks the story-teller's spark. 12-16.

FOR PARENTS, TEACHERS & LIBRARIANS

Children and their Literature. By Constantine Georgiou. Prentice-Hall. \$9.95.

A solid reference work that may well become a classic tool. It presents history of children's literature, analyses of old and new books, examples of fine pictures selected from old and new books plus a host of other pertinent blocks of information. The format is pleasing, the text is smooth.

Slovenly Peter. By Heinrich Hoffman. Ill. by the author. Charles E. Tuttle. \$3.00.

A beautiful reprinting of the famous German classic which came about, ironically, as a reaction against the moralizing stories of the day (1844). Chock full of grim gallows humor, gory brutality, and downright sadism, plus almost unbelievable racial attitudes. An interesting collector's item for parents, but keep it away from the very young. About 20 and up if extremely enlightened and liberated.

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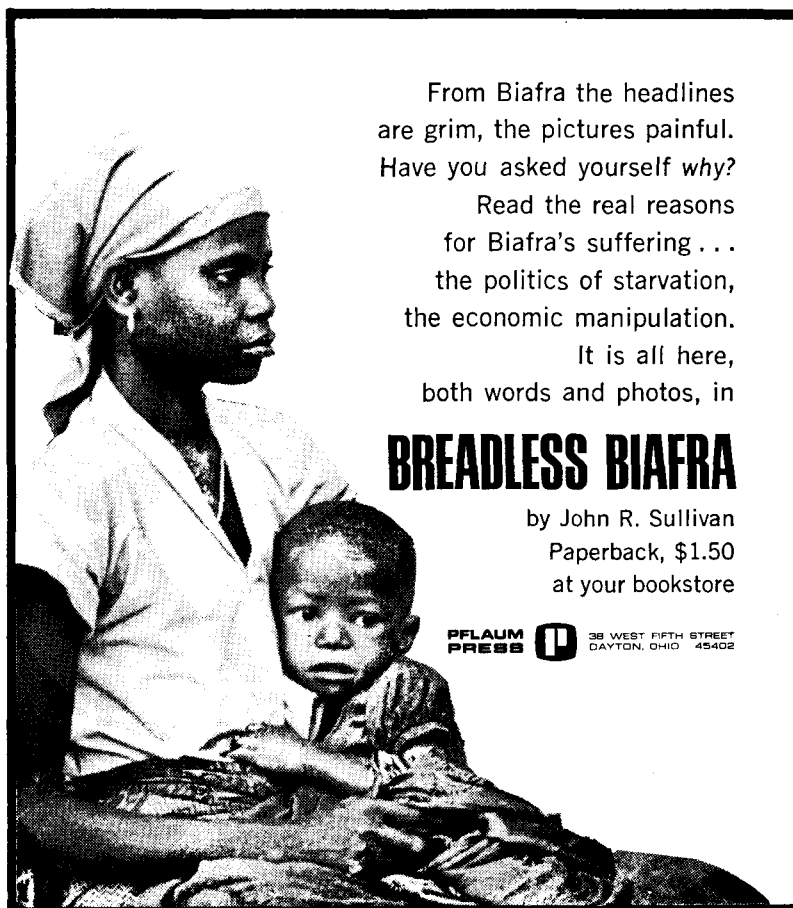
(Continued from page 275)

more canonical freedom to be so. Many of them become enamored of military traditions and mystique, especially those attached to the Marines.

The military allegiance of the chaplains prevents them from respecting the individual conscience of their men. I have heard many chaplains, Roman and otherwise, proclaim that once a man joins the military service he cannot object in conscience to any military orders, and certainly he cannot become a conscientious objector. In other words during this time, his conscience is not to develop by reflections and experience.

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